

November 26, 1932

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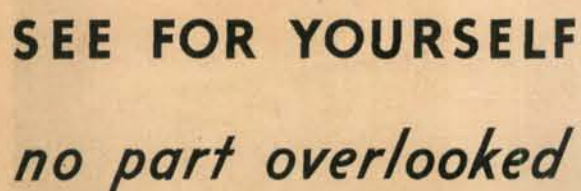
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



If it isn't Booze, it's Something Else - By William G. Shepherd

Nov. 26, 1932

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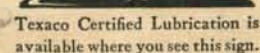
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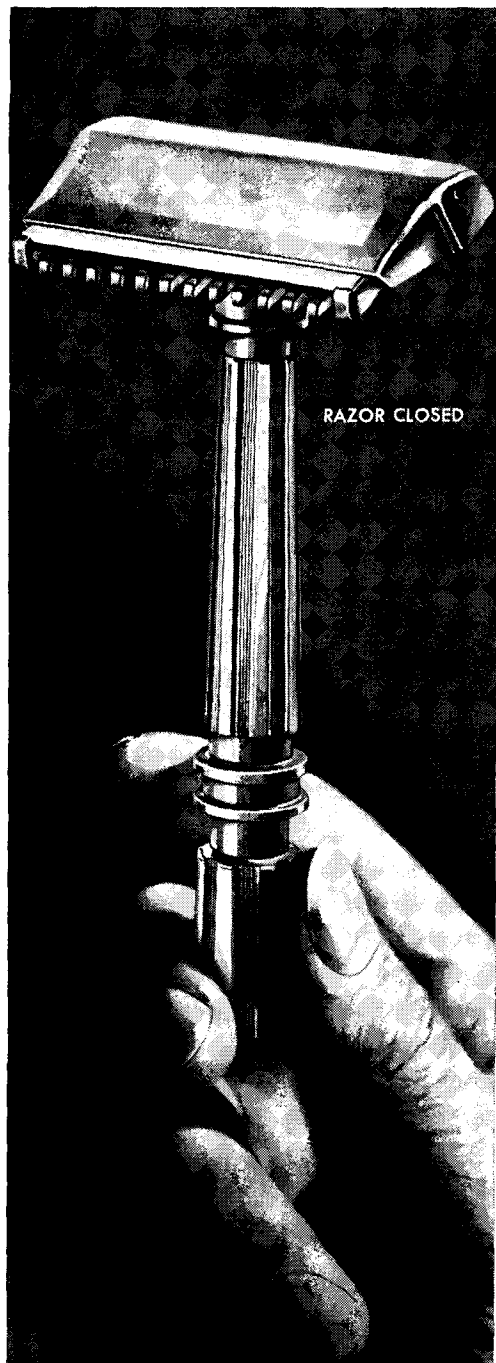
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A Gem Without a Flaw



GEM Blades gather medals on chins where other razors meet their Waterloo. The roughest stubble gives 'em no trouble.

Built of surgical steel—which GEMS *alone* use—steel that dares not nick or dull.

And no beard can balk blades of *that* temper.

We make GEM Blades 50% thicker to give 'em a deep, dogged, wedge-shaped edge. There's no room on *usual* wafer blades for such a deep, graduated taper.

A GEM Blade never bends, snaps or crumples.

GEM Singledge Blades fit *any* GEM frame, no matter *how* old.

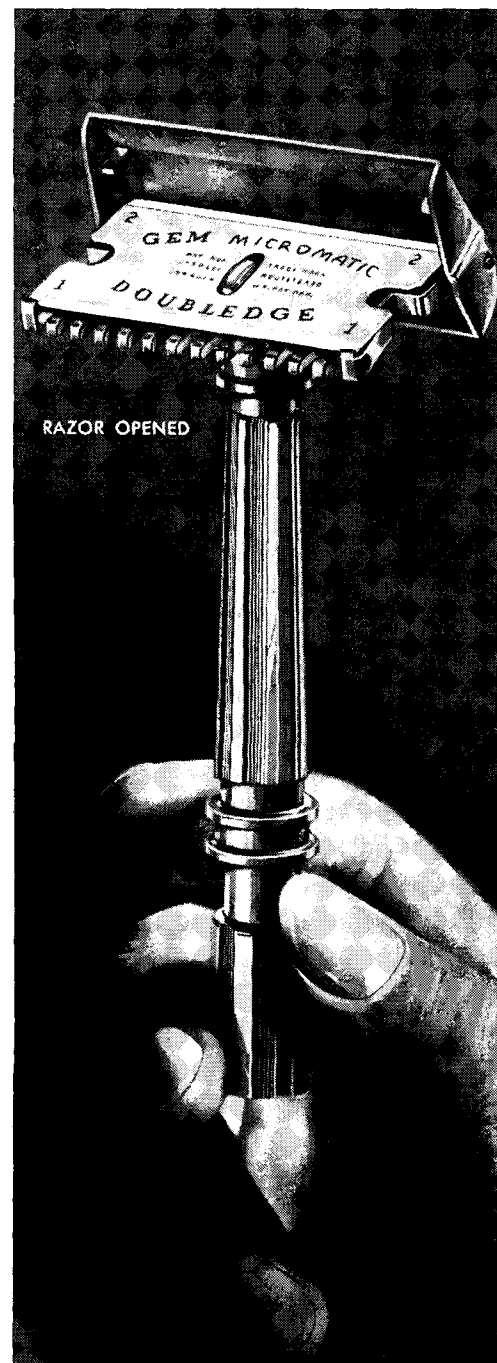
But you can't use the new GEM Doubledge Blade except in the new GEM Micromatic Razor—the latest and greatest of 'em all—with \$660,000 of *exclusive* features that shaving never met before—including dual-alignment, which sets the blade so precisely that it can't skim, scuff or skip.

The *first* double-edged razor to expose only one *numbered* edge at a time, protectively covering one edge until the other is used to the *full* limit of its keenness. The *first* double-edged razor with the proper shaving slant *shaped* in the top, so that you're *compelled* to shave at the correct angle.

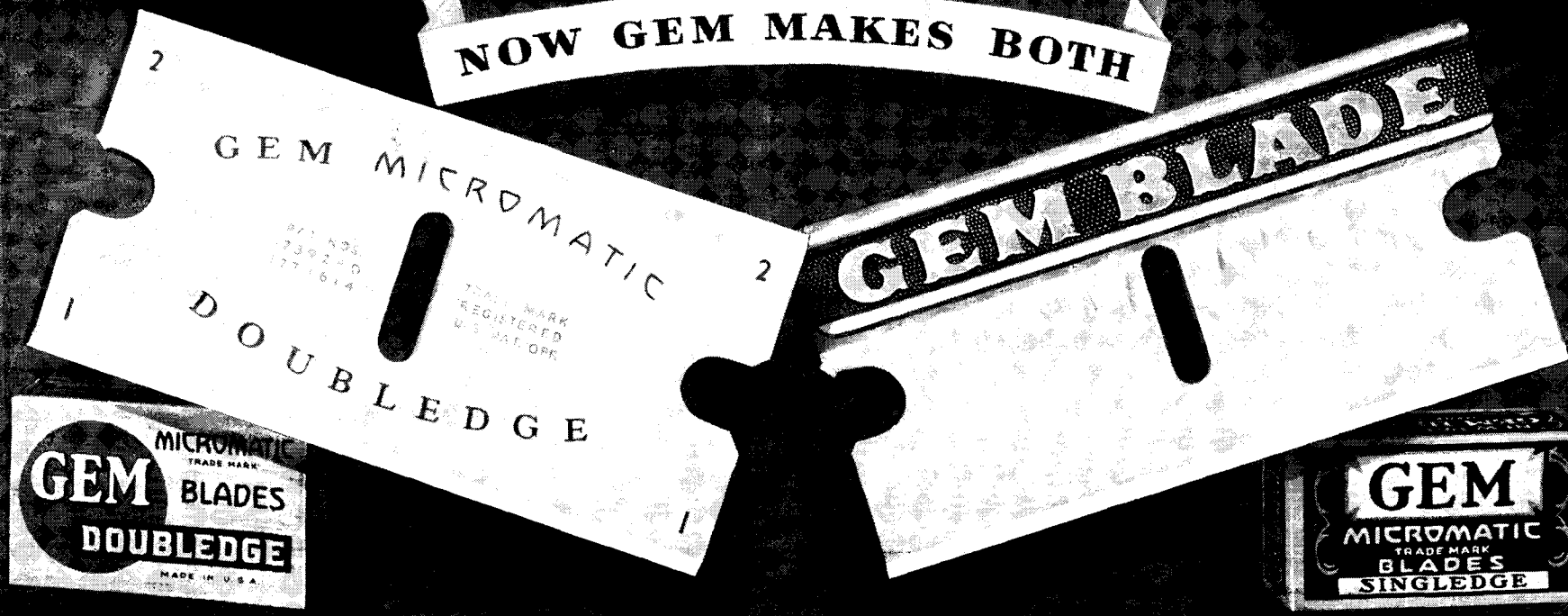
Works with the same smooth, gliding stroke that the barber uses. And works just the *same* with either single- or double-edged GEMS.

A dollar a set, with five GEM Doubledge Blades. Gold-plated *everywhere*—and *sold* there, *too*.

FREE—Mail a postal with your name and address and we will send you a new GEM Doubledge Blade with our compliments. Address Gem Safety Razor Corporation, Dept. C3, Brooklyn, N. Y.



NOW GEM MAKES BOTH



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE transcontinental flight of the Black Pearl started as a publicity stunt. It ended in tragedy. But no one except those immediately concerned knew that the tragedy covered a robbery and a murder—and led to a suicide.

Most of it happened in mid-air—with no witnesses. And although a whole township saw the crash, no one knew that there was a dead man at the controls.

With this desperate and somber background Laurie York Erskine has written a fascinating love story in which the facts are revealed by "The Undercover Man."

WHEN Sam Insull toppled off his throne and fled from the country, an empire fell to pieces. In its dissolution more than three hundred thousand people lost money. All together they lost over a billion dollars.

Insull's own fortune was gone. One hundred and seventy million dollars had disappeared overnight. He left this country almost as poor as when he came.

But in the time between he had run an incredible and paradoxical course. Talented and untiring in industry, eccentric and ruthless in finance, he built and organized like a genius and tore down and destroyed like a careless boy.

Next week John T. Flynn begins his story. In the fascinating complexities of his affairs and the astonishing contradictions in his character you will find the portrait of an era—our own.

IF A GIRL loves a man, and he doesn't know it, what should she do? "Wait," was the Victorian answer. But Mandy wasn't Victorian. She horned in on a trip with three bachelors who were intent upon the serious business of catching fish. They didn't want her and said so quite plainly. You'd have thought such hostility would be "Too Much for a Girl." But, as Stephen Morehouse Avery reports, there are only two of those bachelors left.

ROGER BURLINGAME contributes a war story such as you have never read before. It is the adventure of a man who returned with his son to the battlefield of Douaumont. He went reluctantly, fearful of his memories, but what he found was a victim of "Eternal Youth."

RICHARD CONNELL writes the Short Short Story; Paul Jones, John B. Kennedy, Don Marquis, William Edward Hayes, W. B. Courtney, Clinton W. Gilbert and others provide specialty acts. All-star casts, under the expert direction of Messrs. Roche and Grey, will once more hold you spellbound. No seats sold in advance.

This Week

November 26, 1932

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

If It Isn't Booze, It's Something Else.
The rackets muscle in on industry. Page 7

FRANK CONDON

No Favors Asked. Try this method of getting into the movies. Page 9

GRANTLAND RICE

Many Are Called. But there are only eleven men on a team—even the All-America. Page 11

DAVID GREGG

Kiss Me, if You Like. He decided he wouldn't. Page 12

TALBERT JOSSELYN

No Alibi. A romantic story of the grid-iron. Page 14

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

The Wrong Man, by Octavus Roy Cohen. Page 16

DON MARQUIS

On the Up and Up. The mammal of unrighteousness speaks its mind. Page 17

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

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BETTY THORNLEY STUART

The House You Want. Old houses make good homes. Page 20

ZANE GREY

Thunder Mountain, Part VI. Nugget changes her name. Page 24

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. A few cheering facts. Page 49

EDITORIAL

Disposing of Liquor. Page 50

Any Week

WE FEEL that you should know that Mr. E. M. Albro of Jacksonville, Florida, has come to a decision about perpetual motion. Mr. Albro finds that there is "only one perpetual motion and that is the air we breathe, as that never had a beginning and the world will go out of existence when the air leaves us."

IN THE meantime Mr. Jerome McKeever of Indianapolis, Indiana, has devoted himself to the football situation. Adding this to that and dividing by what's left he learns that "the reason why Rockne-trained coaches do not turn out football teams as good as Rockne's is because they aren't Rockne."

WHEREUPON Mr. Jefferson Thomas of Tampa, Florida, notifies us that while he admired George Creel's article about Judah Benjamin, the Gallant Rebel, "he was not the first Jew elected to the United States Senate, that distinction having gone to David Levy of Yulee, sent to the Senate from Florida for six years beginning 1845."

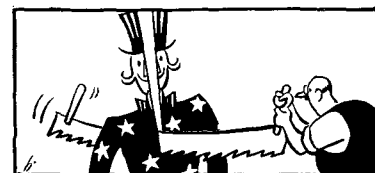
BUT to our consternation we learn that William G. Shepherd's "You Can Avoid Taxes" aroused two of the South's most forthright men to do brief but sanguinary battle. Mr. Ted Wagner of Tulsa, Oklahoma, reports that one of the combatants read the title "You Can Avoid Texas" and in a loud voice proclaimed it as the most cheering news he had come upon for years. Whereat the other, a proud citizen of Dallas, became absolutely unmanageable.



WE KNEW that once the election was over our readers would turn their thoughts to more important subjects. Here, for example, is Miss Daisy McWherter of Peoria, Illinois, saying the most gratifying things. "I don't know how old you are," writes she, "but know you haven't lost your youth and aren't bald-headed." Far be it from us to preen, but there are people who think us right handsome, too.

OUR aim is to keep people stirred up, of course, but we deprecate such personal comments. In our mild way we would much rather have you take up such questions as this one, referred to us and by us to you by Miss Theodora F. Benfelder of Helena, Montana. "Has this country gone off the gold standard?" she inquires. "I wouldn't know."

AND Mr. E. R. Bryant of Cameron, Missouri, insists that we know he has met a lady who is "as dry as a four-leaf clover between the pages of Clark's Commentaries. Did she believe in beer? She did not. Did she want to see the old saloon's return? No. She is a lady who calls on dentists and M. D.'s as the Kansas City representative of a wholesale medicinal whisky house."



IF FOR nothing more than good argument's sake, you might devote this evening to an idea Mr. Jim Marshall of Seattle is working on. He advocates "splitting this country into two nations with the Mississippi River as the dividing line. Two separate nations each complementing the other, each with its own central government, free trade and no forts along the border."

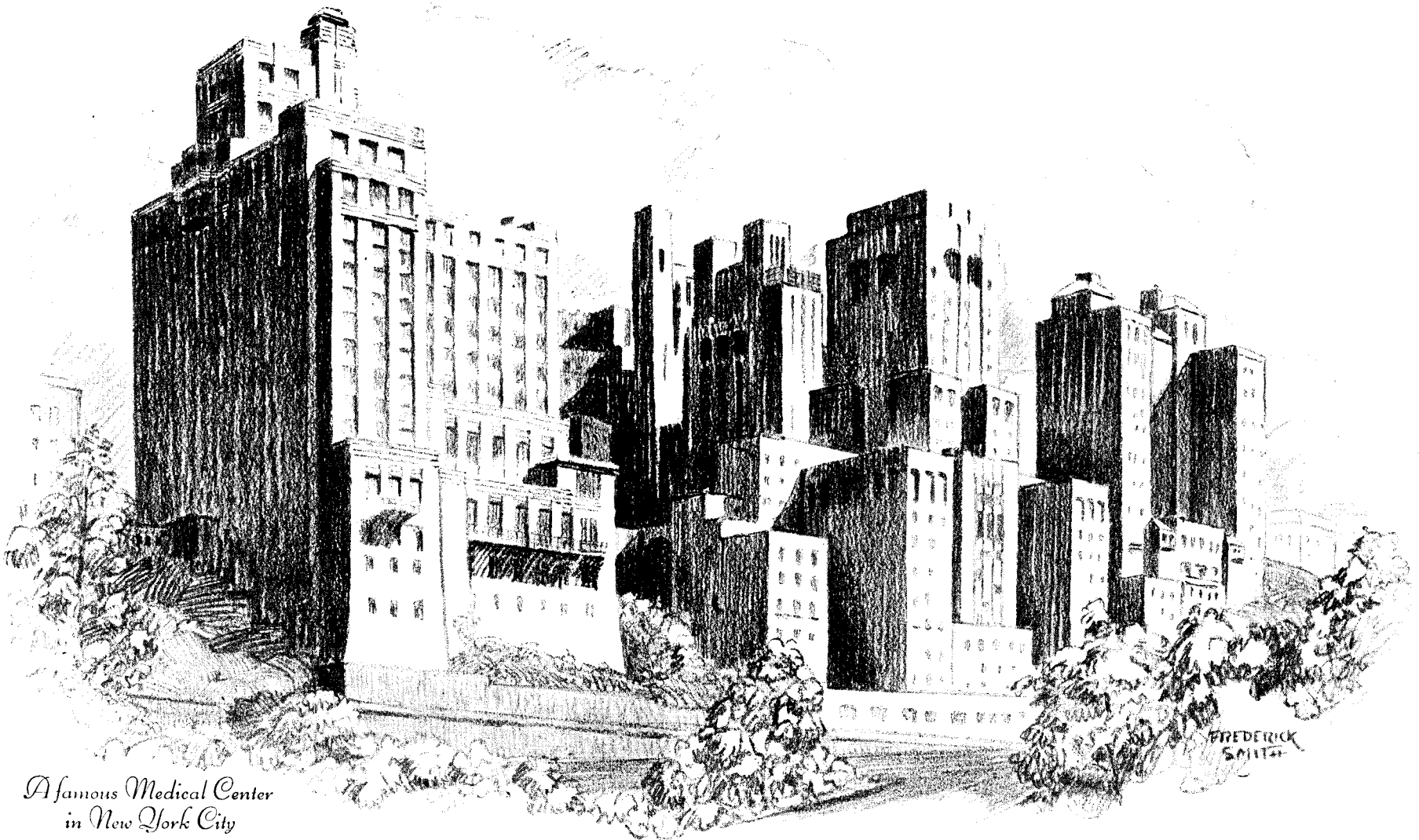
AND when you've worried that subject to death you might help us deplore the unkindness of Mr. Benjamin Salmon of Chicago, who wants to know, "How much do authors have to pay to get the stuff I read in some magazines printed?"

DON MARQUIS' "A Financial Deal" reminded Mr. George B. Young of Jerome, Arizona, of an Apache Indian who, wanting to take a trapping trip, asked a banker for a loan of twenty dollars. "How much collateral have you got?" demanded the financier. But presently the Indian got the twenty dollars, posting ten horses as security. Months later the red man returned to the bank with an enormous wad of money from which he peeled a twenty-dollar bill for the banker. The latter suggested that he deposit the balance in the bank. "How many horses you got?" demanded the Indian.

FRIENDS of Mrs. Lewis J. Dieppel of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, may be pleased to know that it is her opinion that a very fine war might be fought "with the money we have spent at Geneva since 1920 to find out that universal peace and honest disarmament are merely political trading posts."

"MET a friend of yours the other day," writes Mr. H. H. Martin of Wheeling, West Virginia. "And he says you were so dumb in school that you were always at the foot of every class." We remember the fellow well. He sat next to us for years.

A Fortress of Health



*A famous Medical Center
in New York City*

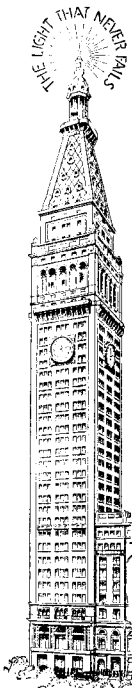
IN peace-time as well as in war-time a hospital is a fortress of health.

Our fine, modern hospitals are the richest storehouses in the world of medical knowledge and skill. They are health centers which guard the people of their communities.

While your hospital is nursing the sick and the injured, its laboratories are finding new ways to protect your health. As a result of medical research in hospitals, many diseases are disappearing.

Modern surgery, aided by skilful nursing in hospitals, restores to health tens of thousands each year.

In the past, people generally have thought of hospitals merely as the best places to which they could go in case of accident or when an operation was unavoidable. Today people are rapidly beginning to realize that the hospital is the best place in which to be in event of any serious illness.



No home, no matter how comfortable, is so well equipped to furnish the many forms of service—any one of which may be needed instantly and imperatively—as a properly conducted hospital.

People unfamiliar with the wide scope of hospital work think only of the patients in hospital beds. One great hospital in New York City treats in its clinics an average of 1400 visiting patients each day. The hospital of the future will play an even greater part in caring for the health of the people. It will be a medical center which radiates health protection.

National, State and County hospitals are supported by taxation. A few private hospitals and sanatoria are on a self-supporting basis. But the great majority of private hospitals are dependent upon endowments and sustaining contributions for bare necessities—proper equipment and needed surgical, medical and nursing staffs.

Appreciate Your Local Hospital.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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REAL LIFE MOVIES Phil Fights Back

The story of Phil Knight (not his real name, of course) is not so different from that of many boys and girls. Except — Phil fought back — and won. This is how he did it . . .



2. Phil Knight became a gridiron sensation the first week he entered Carlton High School. With Phil in the back-field Carlton looked forward to the state championship the following year . . .



3. But—something happened to Phil during the summer vacation. He lost his fight. He began to “warm the bench” instead of fighting down the field in the way that had made him famous.



4. Then—the big game with St. Thomas. With one minute to go, nine yards from St. Thomas' line . . . Phil, hesitating, muddled, was tackled fifteen yards back of the line of scrimmage!



5. Afterwards Coach Burns called him aside. He asked many questions. Then—he mentioned *constipation* . . . advised more fruit and vegetables, lots of water . . . and Post's Bran Flakes every morning.



6. Phil took his advice—and what a difference his new health program* made! Here's the old Phil again—the ghost of the gridiron . . . the finest half-back in the state—and the hero of the school!

Now you pay far less!

For the extra benefits of this delicious bran cereal

Don't let intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of bulk in the diet, rob you of the good things of life . . . romance, success and friends.

*Eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, drink lots of water, exercise . . . and begin eating Post's Bran Flakes *regularly* for breakfast every morning.

Post's Bran Flakes is now much lower in price . . . so low that *all* can afford this delicious, effective cereal.

Serve Post's Bran Flakes often! Even more delicious now—because it's *Crisp-Pack*. Serve for health benefits—for sheer enjoyment. A product of General Foods.

ALSO BIG ECONOMY PACKAGE

We have also made available to your grocer a big economy package. Thrifty buyers will welcome the important added savings its extra contents supply.



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G. F. Corp.

If it isn't Booze, it's Something Else

By William G. Shepherd

Prohibition is out. At least that's what the racketeers think. They're dropping booze and taking on something bigger—American industry. Already they have "muscled in" on certain labor unions in Chicago. It's very much like a sensational movie. The only difference is that it's sinister fact

STEVE SUMNER must not be put on the spot." That's what the police department of Chicago says. That's what Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, head of Chicago's vigilante Secret Six, says. That's what the Chicago Employers' Association says. That's what bankers, business men, social leaders, union leaders, clergymen and men and women of the upper ranges of intelligence say. But on the other hand, the newest "bugaboo," in person, has turned up in Steve Sumner's office and has made his threat. Wherefore, "Uncle Steve," as he has been known in union labor circles and to the general public for over a third of a century, sits in steel-walled rooms in a fortified house in a residential district of Chicago, waiting to see whether he will be killed by bombs or machine guns. Custer's last stand was no braver than Steve's, for the "bugaboo's finger is on Steve" and the moves, a marked man, through the city. Before this article is ended we will go into this amazing fort, where established unionism in Chicago is holding out against threat of bloodshed, and hear Steve Sumner's story from his own lips.

Please remember, as we go along with this story, that this is no moving picture scenario I am describing. It is a thing that is actually happening not in Chicago alone but—in a less but ever-growing degree—throughout the cities of the United States. For some reason or other, developments such as those we shall consider come to light first in Chicago, and later appear at other places.

In the first place, we must explain why the visit of the "bugaboo" to Steve Sumner forced him to fortify himself, and forced many decent agencies in Chicago to rally around him to protect his very life. And before we begin, please prepare yourself to learn a new bit of gangdom's slang. It's that word, "bugaboo." Everybody in Chicago knows what the word means. We'll all be seeing it or hearing it soon in movies, novels and newspapers. It will settle down into our language with the word "racketeer."

After Al Capone and his crowd were put in jail, Chicago settled back, expecting gangsters' peace. The peace did not come. And then Chicago discovered for itself that Al Capone had not been a master of gangsters. "Syndicates," or groups, had been the masters. Part of the game of any well-regulated "syndicate" is to have a bugaboo. Gangsters are not very close students of the English tongue. The dictionary says that a bugaboo is a "fancied object of fear." Well, there's no fancy in the meaning that Chicago has given to this word. Chicago's bugaboo is a real object of fear. Dictionary bugaboos frighten but do not harm.

Building Up a New Bugaboo

When Chicago speaks of a bugaboo it has in mind a man whose very name for good and well-known reasons causes people with whom he comes in contact to shudder. He's a man whose threats are always made good; are followed by injury or even death. Al Capone was the "shudder man" of the foremost Chicago syndicates. Now that he's gone they're building up another bugaboo. And you can't do that in a week or so. Horror must be built up around the man. It takes time and actual killings to make a bugaboo really feared.

But it can be done. It was done with Capone and it can be done with the new man, who is scheduled to fill Al Capone's bugaboo chair.

"Who," I asked Walter G. Walker, associate counsel of the Employers' Association of Chicago and an old Federal secret service man who knows every gangster in Chicago by sight and keeps records of all of them—"who is taking Al Capone's place?"

"A young fellow named So-and-so," he said, giving the man his real name. "Is he really Capone's successor?"

"He is," said the detective, simply. "Where did he come from? Who is he?" I asked. He gave me an adequate description of the youth.

"Steve Sumner is the heart and spirit of organized labor toward this form of criminality."
William G. Shepherd, President
American Federation of Labor

Steve Sumner, Chicago union official, behind a bullet-proof screen in his North Side "fort"

"Are you writers going to help him?" he asked. "None of the officials in Chicago will publicize him. Even the newspapers don't use his name freely. We're not going to help the syndicates build up another bugaboo like Moran or Capone or any of the rest."

So Chicago officialdom and the rest of Chicago that is trying to join in to clean up the city, while admitting that there is a new bugaboo, have decided not to permit him, if possible, to be enthroned as a hero of terror.

"Uncle Steve," sitting behind his steel fortifications, will tell us later on about his visit with this bugaboo and why he put up his fortifications after the man



Above, "Fort Union," headquarters of the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union, where every protection against bombs or bullets has been installed

Acme

Left, Steve Sumner, America's most guarded man, gets in a little target practice in his basement "just in case"



had visited him, and why the police keep him constantly under the protection of their machine guns.

Stephen Sumner is "on the spot" in Chicago, because of a new activity of the Chicago syndicates. Prohibition, the gangsters have figured, is on the way out. Breaking the prohibition law enriched them perhaps beyond the dreams of any previous bandits or pirates in all human history.

But what will they do after prohibition is repealed? The idea of the syndicates is to obtain some continual source of revenue, such as booze proved to be.

A New Edge on an Old Chisel

A racket in these days, after the golden age of prohibition, must levy tribute not on small groups of people but on the helpless massed millions who can't shoot back but who can be depended upon to throw a steady stream of gold into the gangsters' pockets. Seeking for something new to take the place of prohibition as a money-maker, the syndicates finally found a thing that will yield even more.

"Get hold of the labor unions." That's the idea which the wise men of the syndicates have devised. And that is the idea which they are now putting into force. They use gunmen, kidnapping, bombs, threats and bugaboos against both unions and industry in Chicago just as desperately as they used these tools in dealing with each other during the beer wars.

"Let 'em kill each other," Chicago used to say, in the richer prohibition days of intergang warfare. "Let 'em kill each other off. They'll never get after decent citizens." Well, maybe they didn't get after decent citizens in those days. But it's different now. Today, in a manner of speaking, the man who used to bring around the gin now brings around a gun. Everybody in Chicago expected, as citizens of every city in the United States have a right to expect, that booze gangsters would soon turn to other fields. There was graft in father's booze; now there's graft in baby's milk. The gangsters are planning to insert themselves between employers and employees in the city of Chicago and take tribute from both sides. The new graft now emerges.

By controlling the labor unions of Chicago and by forming new "unions" of their own they will be able to levy tribute on most of the industries of the great city. This will be a constant and ever-flowing stream of gold.

For example, in Steve Sumner's case, as we shall see, the syndicates expect to take tribute on every drop of milk that goes to the children or the families of the great city. But other industries are also threatened; all industries, indeed.

A Menace to Every Industry

Not long ago, at the Union League Club in Chicago, a group of the leading business men met to discuss the new trend in gangdom. I quote the written report of an incident on that occasion. This report was not published in the newspapers, for the meeting was not public, but it did appear in a "service letter" sent to members of the Employers' Association of Chicago. You will hunt a long way in Chicago for a firm or a leading employer who does not belong to this organization. Here is what Gordon L. Hostetter, executive director of this great association, wrote: "The guest of these business men was one of the most vigorous, fearless and outspoken members of the bench. He has plastered public enemies with jail sentences, stiff fines and heavy bail bonds until their lawyers moved heaven and earth to keep them out of his court, and have exerted every political pressure to drive him from the judiciary. This guest said, on this occasion:

"The greatest menace to American business today is that industry is in danger of becoming gangsterized."

"In certain cities," continues this service letter directed to Chicago's business men, "the gangsters are not waiting for the hour of repeal—they are already moving in. 'Gangsterized industry' is not only a possibility; it is already an accomplished fact." The judge who coins this phrase is John H. Lyle; and he has since been mysteriously shifted from the criminal to the civil

calendar, where gangsters can keep out of his reach.

Don't make any mistake about it. Industry in Chicago knows that it is threatened by the very same gangsters from whom Chicago bought its beer and booze; that the gangsters are "moving in." The bugaboo who used to move about among booze dealers now moves among business men and labor leaders. Certain business men who previously have used the gangster in meeting competition now find him turning on them, gun or bomb in hand. And that's one reason why Steve Sumner's case is a test of how far the gangster can go, or of whether or not it will be possible for him to go the entire distance and practically "muscle in" with terrorism and guns, and seize an industry just as he used to seize his enemy's beer business.

Over on the lake shore, when the World's Fair opens in Chicago next year, you will see an exact replica of old Fort Dearborn. Captain Heald during the War of 1812 was ordered by his superior to march out of this fort with his troops and their women and children and turn it over to the Potawatamie Indians, who proceeded to wipe out the troops, as well as the women and children, as soon as they left the fort's good log shelter. Steve Sumner finds himself in Captain Heald's position.

Steve Sumner's Last Stand

"The boys who are after me," Steve Sumner explained to this writer, "are as merciless as the Potawatamies. They've come right in here and demanded that I turn the place over to them, but I won't make that mistake. I sent 'em away and told 'em to go to hell. They'll have to take it by force."

It wasn't heroics that took me to Steve Sumner's fort. I went there because that was the place to get the true story. It was the labor union leaders of the city as well as members of the town's Secret Six who suggested I see Sumner, in his fortification. "Steve is putting up the last fight of unionism against racketeers," said Ed Nockels, one of the town's noted A. F. of L. leaders.

But it was not easy to prove to Mr. Sumner that I was only a "war correspondent," detailed to report his side of the union-gangster war.

Every stranger who tries to enter the offices of the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union is a Potawatamie to Steve Sumner and other officials of the union. Mr. Sumner is the secretary-treasurer of the union, in charge of a very good-sized union bank account. Secretary-treasurers of Chicago unions seem to be marked men among the gangsters. Several of them have been shot because

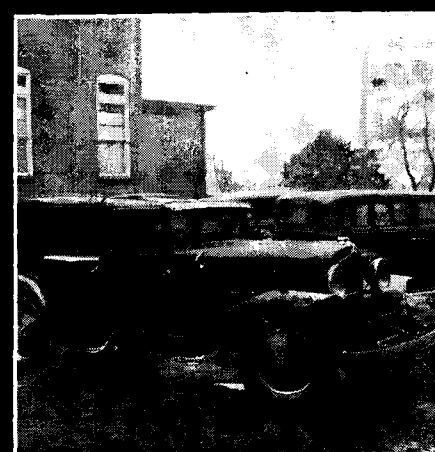
(Continued on page 34)



Cancelled checks signed by Sumner are an index to the wealth that gangland seeks to control. Right, Sumner's armored car, formerly owned by Samuel Insull, Sr.

Acme

The bullet-proof peephole and the gun slot in the armored door of Sumner's office



"I will get you a good soup-bone tomorrow," she promised, and in the end she won the lives of three goats

Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff



No Favors Asked

By Frank Condon

*A chronicle of Hollywood the
Magnificent, where men are
stars—but goats are goats*

A NEWS item in the paper recently informed an interested public that Tom Denny had moved. Tom Denny is the one with the long chin. It is doubtful if anyone ever saw a longer or more preposterous chin than Mr. Denny's, and it is not a handsome feature. Mr. Denny is far from being a handsome man in any way, nor is he brilliant. The chin destroys the symmetry of his face, which is no great destruction, considering the remainder. It is just one of those abnormally long chins which a bored Nature occasionally ladles out to some unfortunate to break the monotony.

Prior to moving, Mr. Denny resided in a two-room flat in North Hollywood, up yonder where the rents are cheap, and if a person so desires he may keep chickens and wash his own vests. Said the newspaper: "Mr. and Mrs. Tom Denny have recently moved into their new apartment in the Imperial Marigold, where they will have the use of two garages."

Anyone who knows Hollywood is well aware that the Imperial Marigold lolls up among the high hats. It costs sums of money to hold forth in the Imperial, even in a small apartment, which Tom Denny's is not. Far away in Azeppa, the town by the California sand dunes, citizens who knew Tom in his scraggly days are suffused with wonderment and envy, marveling that he has so much money to spend. He was always a man famous for the permanent quality of his poverty and the utter hopelessness of his future. He now drives and owns one automobile, and not two automobiles, and as the burghers of Azeppa ask each other in hushed tones, why should a man with one automobile be wanting two garages at the Imperial Marigold?

Tom Denny is now thirty-seven, and for thirty-six years he has been wondering about meals. Anna is his wife, faithful and true, and she has been wondering about food for only fifteen years. She is a pleasant, plump, rounded kind of woman with fat hands. Tom is

stringy, walks with a limp and was always regarded in Azeppa as the last you would ask anything of if you wanted the facts.

Until six months ago, the Denny home was a one-mule farm some miles north of Azeppa, in the exact center of the poorest and scrubbiest farming community in America. The baked earth laughed at plowshares and the farmers hung on by their teeth. If he could have sold rocks, Denny would have been a rich man. For the last three years, conditions have grown steadily worse in Azeppa Valley, until the two Dennys were finally reduced to eating carrots, cabbages, beans and such-like simple fodder. They thought back to the days when the farm paid and often longed for a porterhouse steak or a pigeon pie. Dan Garner, next farm north, encountered Tom on the road and noticed that he looked even more gaunt and dejected than usual.

"THINGS not very good, are they, Tom?"

"No, they're bad. Nobody buying carrots."

"This is my worst year," said Dan.

"All my years are worst," Tom stated.

"Why don't you get out?"

"And do what?"

"Go down there to Hollywood and see if they can't use you. They might. I think they would."

Tom stared gloomily at the setting sun and the rock-strewn face of nature.

"Wouldn't do any hurt to try, would it?" Dan persisted.

"No, it wouldn't do any hurt to try."

He had been pondering this oft-repeated suggestion for years. The people who knew him, usually simple farmers, never ceased to harp on the Hollywood prospect—that the movies down there could certainly use a man with a chin like Tom's. Morris Dickie spoke of it every so often and the drug-store clerk in Azeppa had mentioned it only three days before. All the neighbors had come in on the suggestion at some time or other, pointing to certain incontrovertible facts. One man had been in the films for years because he was cross-eyed. Another fellow was doing well, and why? Because he had a large nose. Still another man became prominent with the help of an extra-large mouth. Why not a large chin? An enormous chin might be very good in the movies and get a man somewhere. It was something to talk about in Azeppa on dull nights, with the mosquitoes buzzing.

Anna, the long-suffering wife, had always said to Tom that whenever he decided to go down to Hollywood and strike for work, it would be all right with her. He might earn some money, which was more than he could do in Azeppa. . . . "You're right, Dan," Tom said to Mr. Garner. "Wouldn't do no hurt to try." One hour later, when he saw Anna in the kitchen, he mentioned Dan and the chin matter and the dreariness of the outlook at home.

"Sure," said Anna. "Go on. You won't be any worse off there than you are here."

"What about you?"

"I'll scratch along. I won't starve. The neighbors won't let me starve. You go ahead and go to Hollywood."

Wherefore, Tom Denny proceeded to Hollywood, walking the macadam highway and riding when he could bum a lift from a motorist, and in due time he entered the magic city, where there are gold and fine raiment and rich viands. Hollywood is two hundred miles from Azeppa as the crow flies and a million miles from Azeppa in other ways. Mr. Denny stood on the boulevard, where the actors stand when they are at liberty, where the cowboys lean against the lamp-posts, chewing tobacco and smelling of leather.

A QUIET man, almost a dumb man, Tom looked about him and did nothing. He knew nobody in the city. He had no money. He knew nothing about hunting a job and getting it. All he had in the world to offer was his tremendous chin. He was clad in the shabby garments of a broken farmer, and his mind was not the kind that leaps into the breach and takes command. He did nothing, from the day he arrived, but stand forlornly on street corners, staring at the traffic.

In the passing days, he became acquainted slightly with other men who were out of employment like himself, idling their hours away in the Hollywood sunshine. Some of them were cowboys, with large hats and horse pants. Tom often stood with them, listening to their talk, but nothing they ever said helped him. He remained jobless. He discovered places where one could obtain food for the asking and, as the weather was warm, he slept on benches or on the grass behind small factories, being only rarely disturbed by the police.

One, two, three weeks, he remained in the town of the cinema, waiting for a job in the movies because of his chin. Nobody ever seemed to notice his chin, or discuss it, for Hollywood is a place famous for its deformities and abnormalities, mental and physical. Had he

three chins, few would have remarked it.

Up in Azeppa, Anna struggled on in the tumble-down shack and continued her chaste diet of carrots, squash pie and soup-bone stew. The neighbors asked her from time to time how Tom was doing, to which questions she made vague replies, having had no word from her man.

The overchinned one met with no luck at all, good or bad. He remained a painted ship upon a painted ocean day by day, loafing among the cowboys on the boulevard, listening to witless conversations about hard times and the movies. The cowboys said that the movies couldn't last another six months. Once Tom heard of a certain studio, and walked to its doors, where he leaned against a tree and surveyed a mob of extras milling about a window. He did not himself apply. A stranger gave him the news. "You can't get a job here," said the stranger. "It's no use."

"You can't?" Tom asked.

"No."

"Why can't you?"

"They won't hire nobody except the ones they know. Things are getting tougher every day in Hollywood."

"Wouldn't do me no good to ask?" Tom ventured.

"Not unless they knew you. Ever work here in Hollywood before?"

"No," said Tom. "Nor nowhere else."

He went away without asking for honest employment, that he might feed the mouth above his monster chin. Later on a cowboy talked to him of the prevailing quiet.

"What for kind of acting do you do?" inquired the cowtender.

"None," said Tom truthfully. "I thought I would get a job with my chin. Didn't you notice my chin?"

"Sure, you got quite a chin. But what else can you do?"

"Nothing else. It's the chin or nothing. They might want my chin. Everybody said so in Azeppa."

"That your town?"

Tom nodded.

"Then you better go on back there," advised the cowtender. "You ain't got a Chinaman's chance. Go home before you starve to death."

THE seeker waited another week, sleeping in the friendly parks, eating the bread of charity, looking wistfully at people passing, who had meals and chow dogs and homes and motor cars to drive. He then returned humbly to Azeppa on shank's mare. It took him four days to make the two hundred miles and his wife Anna was glad to see him, jobless as he was and bowed in failure. The neighbors came in and asked him questions he could never answer.

"Couldn't get anything to do?" Anna asked, when the neighbors had left them alone.

"Nothing."

"You look pretty thin."

"I didn't overeat none. There's food in that town, but a lot of it missed me."

Anna was a tender-hearted woman and would cry about the least thing and she cried slightly at the thought of her husband walking about hungry and unnoticed. Tom talked with her a while in the kitchen, demonstrating with facts that Dan Garner and the neighbors were all crazy when they believed a man's chin

could land him in a cinema job. Presently he strolled out into the yard to ruminate. In other years, when things were better, they had owned chickens and ducks and goats, and Tom's mind turned to his stomach, which had been long empty. The ducks and the chickens were gone with the winds of the past. The barnyard was deserted, except for Nancy, the tame goat, and Nancy's two small kids that looked like herself. Tom contemplated the three mild-eyed beasts a long time, while they nibbled peacefully at the turf.

A GOOD cook can take a goat and make what is known in Azeppa as goat stew, which is an appetizing dish when rightly prepared. It requires only the goat and a few carrots, along with a dash of salt and a potato or two. Tom strolled back into the kitchen, moistening his lips, and spoke his mind as a man will whose innards are void. Anna

was ironing a towel, but stopped to look at her husband as though he had left his senses.

"You mean kill Nancy and eat her?" she asked in a shocked voice.

"I could eat her," said Tom truly, "and her hoofs and her hair, all by myself and alone."

"Well, now," said Anna indignantly, "Nancy is not only a goat in the barnyard. She is a house pet. She sleeps in my bed, with the two goaties. I would die before I'd kill her."

"For eating purposes," he argued reasonably, "she is a goat and as such is meat and will make a lovely stew. Have we anything else to eat?"

"We have corn-bread," said Anna, "and some carrots and there is cold cabbage."

They talked together as man and wife will and Tom got out the axe and felt its edge. Outside in the yard, Nancy bleated in the sunshine and the child-

goats gamboled, their names being Aaron and Abraham from the Bible. Anna removed her apron and said earnestly that she loved her goats above rubies, and that no hand would be raised against them while she had strength. "I will get you a good soup-bone tomorrow," she promised, and in the end she won the lives of the three goats. Tom Denny ate carrots and corn-bread, which same he had done many a time before.

THAT was a lucky stroke for the Denny, due only to Anna and her soft woman's heart. The life of Nancy was spared and she trotted about the yard happily, followed by Abraham and Aaron, until one day a regular miracle happened. It was less than a week from the night Tom returned and demanded goat stew. A boyish fellow stopped at their gate, stopped in his large, dirty, rich-looking car and stood on the running board. He had bright blue eyes and a rosy face. He wore leather leggings and spoke rapidly, like a man whose time is valuable.

"Got any goats?" he asked, when Anna came to the door.

"Yes," she said. "Why?"

"How many?"

THREE—a mother goat and two kids. They are called—

"Want to rent 'em?"

"What, mister?"

"I said do you want to rent 'em? Want to hire them out to me by the day? Five dollars a day. Speak up, for I am in a hurry."

Tom shuffled into sight and stood beside Anna, peering up at the youthful figure.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We're making a moving picture on the dunes. My name is Bobby Hoffman. I'm hiring animals for the picture. Now do you or don't you want to rent?"

"You wouldn't hurt 'em?"

Anna asked.

"Certainly not. Where are they?"

Husband and wife led the way around the house and Anna pointed to Nancy and her offspring. Mr. Hoffman, who assisted the movie director, inspected the three animals and grunted.

"They're all right," he said. "Just goats. I need 'em. You get five a day every day we use them. Is that O. K.?"

"Yes," said Anna, "if you don't hurt them."

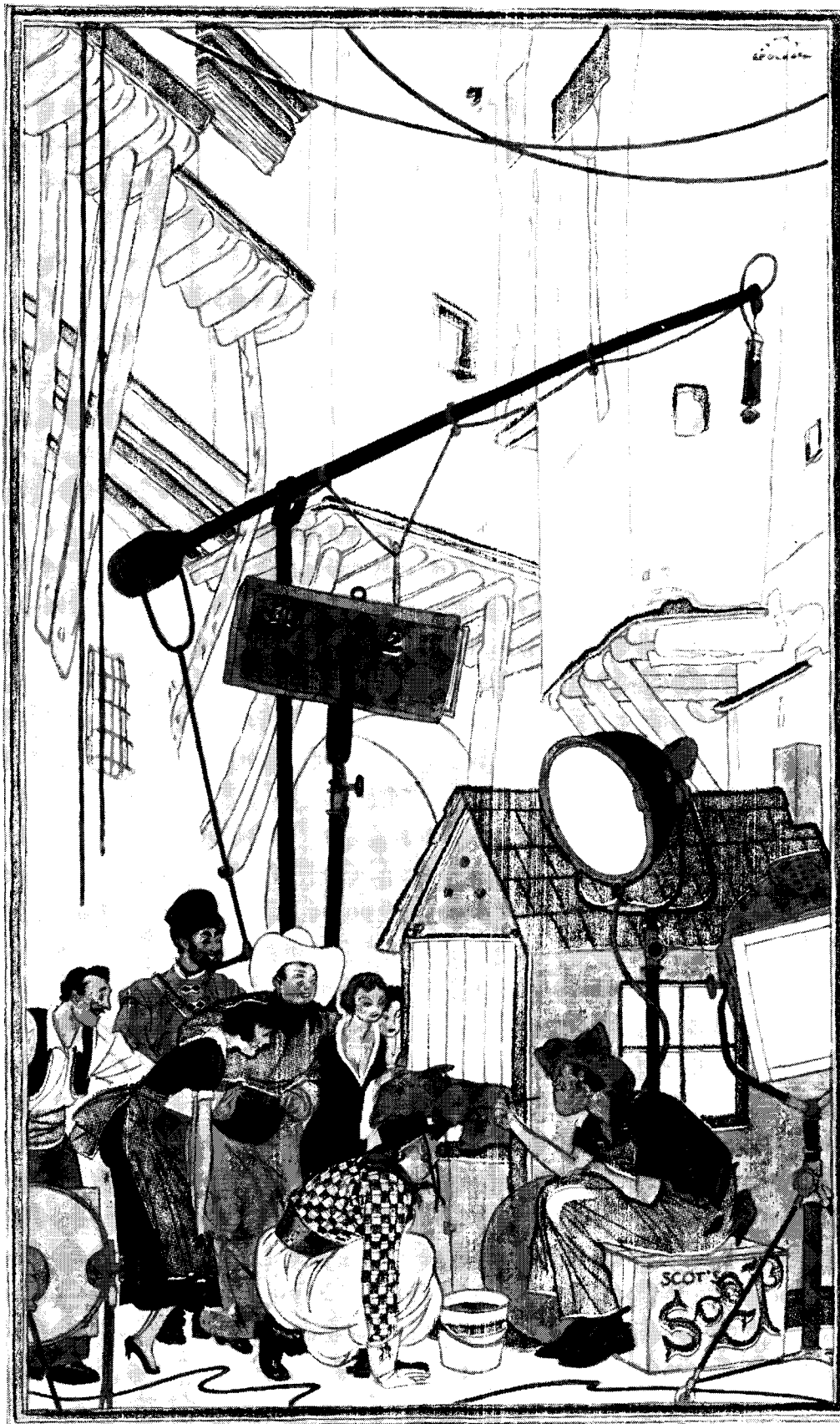
"How could he hurt 'em?" Tom asked irritably. "When will you want the goats, mister?"

"Not for several days. I'll let you know. Our camp is over beyond Azeppa—out there on the sand."

He climbed back into his motor car and rattled off down the road, presumably to hire other animals, which in truth he did, bringing a minor prosperity among the scrabbled farm-folk of the neighborhood.

They were about to make a movie play called Algeria, and it was a lot of truck about the Sahara Desert and a beautiful English lady tourist, who stepped herself into plenty of trouble by fooling around after a man she should have let alone. The carpenters threw up a small city on the dunes of Azeppa, which became the Sahara for the time. They built walls of imitation stone, and high gates,

(Continued on page 37)



Tom Denny lingered near by on a soap box, explaining to the inquisitive

Many are Called

By Grantland Rice

Corbus of Stanford (left), Hardy of Harvard, Zimmerman of Tulane and Krause of Notre Dame, four of the hundreds of candidates for 1932 All-America laurels



Players on four hundred college football squads are considered by Mr. Rice and his advisory board in their selection of the All-America eleven. Here is a preliminary report on the 1932 search

TRYING to name some of the outstanding stars of a new football season is just about as hazardous as stepping into the cage that shelters the fourteen-foot king cobra at the zoo. Covering some four hundred or more colleges scattered across the country is no easy task.

To any follower of football the stars of today usually recall memories of the past—of Heston, Thorpe, Mahan, Eckersall; of Nevers, Carideo, Brill and Schwartz, and then there's another argument under way.

It was easy enough to see after the first few games that the scramble for the All-America selection for 1932 would be one of the warmest in many years. Even through the October and early November drive the flock of star backs and forwards that caught and held the headlines was abnormal in both quality and quantity. This was only natural when you consider the wide spread of football interest, especially in the South and Southwest and the West, where the wave is still gathering impetus—while the old frenzy of the East and the Middle West still rolls merrily along.

What about the East in this selection of stars? Pittsburgh got an early start through the ability of Reider and Heller. Cornell offered Viviano, a powerful blocking, defensive back who could also carry the ball. Then Columbia stepped forward with Montgomery—one of those speedy, slippery ball carriers who could also pass and kick—the type that lifts any crowd to its collective feet. And for three autumns Jack Crickard of Harvard has shown what he could do with a football when given half a chance.

The more you look over the November field, the heavier the crop waiting for the harvest of the selective scythe.

In the last few years the South has turned out a remarkable collection of backfield stars. Tulane has sent such able talent as Flournoy, Banker and Don Zimmerman spinning along various

fields, and Zimmerman is still on hand. Zimmerman is an elusive, hard-running half-back who can also pass and kick. In this same section no one can overlook Feathers of Tennessee, Cain of Alabama and Roberts of Vanderbilt, to mention only a few from a much longer list.

The Southwest also is well up to past standards in this respect. While Texas was far below par at Harvard last fall it plays its full share of high-class football in this big sector of the gridiron sweep.

When the present campaign got under way two of the leading backfield candidates were Mohler of Southern California and Brovelli of St. Mary's, a brace of nectarines in the sun. Mohler was a shadow in the open, always dangerous. He had starred for two years up to 1932 and the injuries that forced him out of the game brought to an end the most promising career of the new football season.

The state of California is able to present five strong teams: Southern California, Stanford, St. Mary's, Santa Clara and the University of California, a group that will have more than one star ready for the final selection.

A Threat from the West

What about the Middle West? Here you have more football strength than this section has shown in years. From a flock of first-class backs it would be hard to improve, at this time, on Rentner of Northwestern and Cramer of Ohio State. Both played great football a year ago. Although Rentner had an off day against Michigan's stout defense

Acme

Acme

he is as dangerous as any back in football today and Cramer is right with him. Purdue and Notre Dame also are checking in with strong teams.

An All-America back should be able to run, block and pass, and kicking

ability can't be overlooked. What about the linemen? These, in the main, rarely flash forward above the mass as brilliant backs often do. Yet every section of the country has its stars to offer from end to end. For example, there are Krause and Kurth of Notre Dame, two fast, powerful tackles. Krause was a brilliant sophomore tackle and his year's experience has made the big Middle Westerner even more valuable to the squad.

Harvard has another able tackle in Hardy, a 210-pounder who is both fast and strong. Tulane returned several of its veterans and almost any of these is worth looking over.

Two of the best of the season are Corbus, the big Stanford guard, and Barnard, Michigan's star center. Michigan has made a specialty of able centers for many years with a list that includes Gregory, Schulz, Vick, Morrison and now Barnard.

The struggle for the Western Conference championship has been one of the hardest in many years. They don't waste much time stepping into heavy trouble in this section when two such

teams as Michigan and Northwestern have to meet in an early October game.

Among the most interesting whirls of the season have been Princeton's start under a new coaching system, after more than sixty years of alumni coaching; Yale's lumbering get-away after an early ballyhoo, and Notre Dame's final preparations for revenge against the Army and Southern California.

Happy Days for the Fans

Hunk Anderson, with a wealth of seasoned material, has been pointing largely to these two games on ahead, yearning for a double revenge. The double thrust will include marches to New York and then to Los Angeles. These will be two of the best games of the year.

Stanford is another university standing under the great white spotlight. Stanford moves east to tackle Pittsburgh in the leading intersectional game of the year. Stanford has been a forest of thorns in eastern football flesh. It manhandled the Army in New York and then repeated the offense at Palo Alto. After this Stanford came east last fall to walk across the prostrate form of Dartmouth. But Pittsburgh may be another story, for Jock Sutherland's panthers have turned out to be one of the strong teams of the East, quite capable of giving anyone a battle. The old duel between Cornell and Pennsylvania will help round out the program. These are tests that will keep Collier's All-America board extremely busy until the closing tackle and the final run have been made.

Kiss me, if you Like

By David Gregg

The story of a lawyer who was wise. Very wise. Wise enough, for instance, to know when to kiss a girl

ON a day early in August, Arthur Wells sat at his desk in Philadelphia and dictated a letter to a friend in a city northward in Pennsylvania. The friend was a lawyer and would undoubtedly help out his fellow practitioner. The letter was to this effect:

There lived in the city in question one Henry F. Scott, who had a daughter Edith who was about twenty-five years old. Arthur Wells wished to know whether Edith Scott was at home and likely to stay there and, if not, where she was and, if possible, what her immediate plans were. Under no circumstances was anyone to know that he, Arthur Wells, was making inquiries regarding her.

The reply stated that Edith Scott was spending the summer with a Mrs. Crane at Whitestown, a hamlet on Narragansett Bay, and would return home sometime in September.

Three days later Arthur Wells arrived in Whitestown and put up at its one small hotel. He knew the country well and something of the small town itself; it was a pleasant, unostentatious place with good bathing and sailing. He discovered some acquaintances and found that Mrs. Crane had a cottage near by and took her meals in the hotel. The day after his arrival he met Edith Scott.

Miss Scott was attractive. She was extremely graceful, swam wonderfully well and dressed with most becoming taste. If she knew the superficial tricks by which young women attract young men, she did not use them on Arthur. She accepted him as a matter of course, was quite impersonal and apparently quite uninterested in him except for the minor affairs of the moment.

Arthur knew that indifference is sometimes studied but he was very sure that Miss Scott's indifference was not studied. And quite naturally, if entirely subconsciously, it got under his skin. The girl had no uncertain charm. She was witty, straightforward, pleasant and nobody's fool. She was no prude but she was clean-minded and high-minded and she was well educated.

HE HAD been at Whitestown a week before he was really alone with her. Mrs. Crane had a job to do, a duty dinner party, and begged Arthur to take care of Edith while she did it. He dined with Edith at the hotel, then sat and talked with others on the piazza. Someone suggested contract. The hotel contract was atrocious. Arthur, determined to avoid it, whispered to Edith, "Let's stroll."

Without answering she went down the step and they sauntered off together on a path that ran along the rocks, southward. Eventually they found a comfortable place and sat down and talked for an hour. The moon came up across the bay and they watched it. Eventually she rose, but still looked across the water as though she were loath to call so beautiful an evening ended.

He, honestly without intention, was

very close to her, so close that the thrill of her spanned the few inches between them and set his heart beating. For all his resolutions he was very much a man. He put his arm around her and drew her to him. She did not resist.

They stood so for perhaps a minute, during which his fingers slipped into hers. Then he turned her so that her face was close to his, or perhaps she turned and looked up at him. There was no sign of reproach or resentment in her eyes; they were smiling and friendly, and she did not make the slightest effort to keep her lips from his, yet somehow she kept him as he was. She gave him plenty of time to make his decision.

"I KNOW you want to kiss me," she said at last; "you may, if you like. I want you to; I'd like it a lot, but I'm not sure that it's the thing to do. It would be awfully nice while it was going on, but I'm not sure that it pays in the long run. Afterward the memory of it isn't as pleasant as the experience itself. It's not very important; it's not very serious either way. I'm in your hands"—she smiled at him—"in your arms; it is for you to decide."

Of course it was not for him to decide. There was no chance of mistake.

"I'm sorry; forgive me," he said. "Do you mind if I tell you that no woman but you could have refused to be kissed so kindly as you have refused?"

"Do you mind if I tell you that mighty few men would have gotten as far as you did without something unpleasant happening? I don't blame you; I know just how you felt. I felt the same way—the moon, I guess. I might even have been a little disappointed if you hadn't wanted to kiss me. That's enough of being silly; it's time we were going." And then she moved away from him and they went along the path to the hotel, where Mrs. Crane was waiting for them.

That night, alone in his room, he considered matters. His job was done—that was sure. What next? "The quicker I get away from here, the better," he muttered. "That young woman has a way with her." The next morning he went away.

Almost exactly two years later he met Edith Scott again, in the village of Perley, which is on the outskirts of the Pennsylvania coal regions.

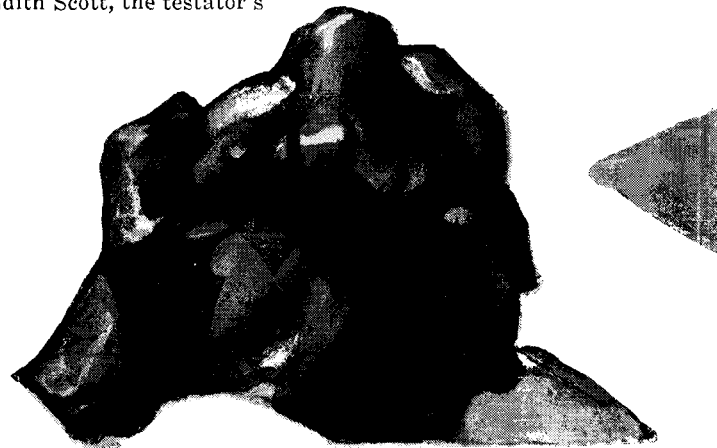
Mrs. Clara Moore died in her eighty-first year and was buried from the church in which for so many years she had been a faithful if a not too broad-minded worshiper. The whole village joined the procession to the cemetery, but only a select few wended their way back to the old red brick house where for years the richest woman for miles and miles around had lived. Back to the house went the minister and the doctor and the president of the Perley National Bank and Trust Company, executor of the old lady's will, and Arthur Wells and Edith Scott, and of course the two old servants who had lived with her since goodness knows when. And there were the trust officer

of the bank, and the vice president of the company which had absorbed the Moore Coal Company, and the mine superintendent who had begun work fifty years before as a boy under Charles Moore, Clara Moore's husband.

Most solemnly they all entered the old library and found chairs, and most solemnly the president produced the will and, after remarks suitable to the occasion, most solemnly read it.

"He should never have brought the original of the will here," Arthur whispered. "He should have had it copied and have read the copy; the original ought to be under lock and key."

Well indeed did the old gentleman know that not a soul in Perley knew what was in the will. That morning, acting under proper authority and accompanied by Edith Scott, the testator's



An elderly gentleman was reading the



Illustrated by
Harry Morse
Meyers

nearest relative, and that relative's legal representative, Arthur Wells, Esquire, a member of the bar of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, engaged by her on the spur of the moment, he had opened Mrs. Moore's safe-deposit box and taken the will from it.

The day before, Arthur Wells had arrived in Perley to attend Mrs. Moore's funeral. His grandmother and Mrs. Moore had been friends for years and his mother had carried on the association. A crotchety, cranky, narrow-minded and perhaps bigoted old lady, he had had no love for her, but duty was duty, and there he was. He put up at The Pines, half hotel, half boarding house, the only decent hostelry in Perley, owned and operated by the Misses Martha and Bessie Green.

He knew that Edith Scott would be at the funeral. She was Mrs. Moore's great-niece and her only relative nearer than very remote cousins, but he was surprised to find her staying at The Pines. "I've been here for two weeks," she said. "I couldn't stay at Aunt Clara's. She'd never have me there when she was well."

"I GATHER you and your Aunt Clara didn't get along," Arthur suggested. "Hardly—she thought I was 'fast.'"

"I'm not surprised," Arthur said. "She was a queer old woman, and yet my grandmother, who was a mighty good sort, said that she had her virtues. Have you had much to do here?"

"Next to nothing."

"Is there anything for you to do now?"

"Not a thing. All the arrangements are made. There's nothing to do but wait."

"Couldn't we have lunch and go canoeing this afternoon? Would that seem improper?"

"Why should it? I'd love to go. At least, I'm no hypocrite."

They went.

When they returned Arthur was well aware that, so far as he was concerned, she was a very dangerous woman, but this time he did not flee. He spent the evening with her in a secluded portion of The Pines piazza.

The next morning, before the funeral, they were together on a bench near the Moore house.

"I don't believe Aunt Clara has left me a cent," Edith said. "So far as I am concerned I certainly ought not to want any of her money." She smiled a little sadly and shrugged. "I'm a perfectly good woman; nobody with any reasonable code of morals could object to anything I've ever done, but Aunt Clara has objected to my living a normal life and has gone out of her way to call me names. Ergo, I ought to spurn her money and refuse to take a penny of it. But I'm not sure that I would do that fine-sounding spurning; when I'm heroic I'll have none of it, when I'm not heroic, just an ordinary woman, I'll grab it. A little money is a comfortable thing. But there's another side of it. Mother died twelve years ago and Father married again and has four children. If any of Aunt Clara's money comes to me, it goes to him."

As she stopped speaking, they were interrupted and they had not been alone afterward.

NOW an elderly gentleman was reading the will, a very long and very verbose document, as befitted both the large estate it distributed and the legal learning of old Silas Ruddick, attorney at law, who had drawn it. The listeners heard the names, ignored the verbosity and heard the figures:

"To Matilda Smith, who has long been in my service, twenty thousand dollars; to Sarah Pommer, who has long been in my service, twenty thousand dollars;

to Jane Miller, my friend [and a poor old soul who did sewing], ten thousand dollars; to John Macgregor, for many years my husband's faithful and able co-worker, ten thousand dollars; to Arthur Wells, grandson of my lifelong friend, in appreciation of the affection and regard I have for him, and further in appreciation of the many and wise services he has rendered me with no expectation of reward, fifty-five thousand dollars; to Edith Scott, my great-niece, whose manner of life has not pleased me, and who I am sure will not change it either voluntarily or at my behest, one thousand dollars."

Then followed a half-dozen minor specific bequests, and then came the three residuary legacies, one quarter of which was left to her church, one quarter to a home for old men and women near by, and one half to a hospital near the village of Perley.

Not a bad will, no doubt, except as to Edith Scott and perhaps Arthur Wells.

The president of the Perley National Bank and Trust Company said that the will would at once be offered for probate, that he anticipated no difficulties or delays, and that he was confident that those mentioned in the will might expect distribution in due course. He further announced what everyone already knew, that those present were invited to have supper in the house at seven o'clock.

He then carefully folded the will, placed it in an old wallet, snapped a rubber band around it and put it in his coat pocket. Supper being some hour away, the president went out on the piazza, followed by the doctor, the superintendent and the vice president. It was very warm, the house had been hot, the president's coat was black and heavy. The president produced cigars, offered them and lighted his own. Being around the corner and among friends, the president took off his coat and laid it on the piazza rail.

A FEW minutes later the superintendent wondered, aloud, whether after the vicissitudes of the day a small drink might not be pleasant. A small drink would be pleasant and the place to have it was at the barn well, where the water was cold as ice. The doctor, knowing the house, would get the glasses, the superintendent would get the bottle from his car, and they would meet at the barn well. So they all left the piazza, leaving the president's coat on the piazza rail, and the little drink became two little drinks, and the two little drinks became three and no harm done, except possibly that it became very easy to tell quite proper stories, and to reminisce, and time flew and it was a little after seven o'clock and quite dark when the four gentlemen wandered back to the house.

Arthur and Edith had left the library together.

"Take me somewhere," she said, and he took her to the bench they had occupied that morning.

"Wills are often queer documents," he said.

"Give me a cigarette and forget it." He gave her a cigarette from her own case, which he had in his pocket. "It's just a thousand dollars more than I expected. At least it's not enough to make a fuss over. I needn't decide whether to take it or not."

"But how about my fifty-five thousand?" he asked. "I don't need it."

"Didn't she say that it was for services rendered?"

"Yes, she did, but the service I rendered was nominal. I'm vice president of a trust company; she wanted sound investments and consulted me about them. I got bonds for her that are legal investments for trust funds in

(Continued on page 28)

will, a very long and verbose document

No Alibi

By Talbert Josselyn

*A football story—but more,
far more, than merely that.
See if you don't agree*

A STRANGER, strolling about the university campus and seeing Johnnie Cole go by, turned, as others had turned, to look again at the breadth of shoulders, at the easy, powerful stride.

"Hmm," commented the stranger, to himself. "Big fellow. I wonder if he's one of their . . ." And then he added aloud, to a passer-by—to a short, thick-set man in his early forties—"Pardon me, but is that one of the university's football players?"

The thickset man stopped, looked sharply at the questioner, and then sent his gaze down the tree-shaded walk in the direction of the striding figure. For a moment his gaze held; then he swiveled his eyes back upon the questioner, and now these eyes were hard.

"No!" he snapped. "That's no football player!" And abruptly the thickset man went on up the walk.

The questioning sightseer, with puzzlement on his face, watched the curt informant go. He half turned to look down the walk where Johnnie Cole was disappearing; again looked toward the fast-walking, thickset man. "Huh," he muttered, "he might at least have been civil about it!" He continued his stroll. . . .

How was he to know that, under these trees, he had come upon the past; had come upon the bitter past; had stopped Dave Nelson of all people—"No-Alibi" Nelson, the head football coach—and had asked him . . . had asked him about Johnnie Cole.

Johnnie Cole . . . Dave Nelson . . . and the past.

TIME swings back to the autumn of three years before. Johnnie Cole, but several weeks in college, is writing to a girl who has gone to Europe to follow a course in art:

" . . . and so, Jane, it now looks as though I'm going to be the regular freshman fullback. Nelson—Dave Nelson, our freshman coach—seems to like the way I go after things. Of course, he's a hard driver, and I'll have to be awful good; he won't take any excuses—No-Alibi Nelson is his nickname—but then, he isn't going to need any excuses from me."

The tall, broad-shouldered letter-writer here put down his pen, ran a hand across his brow, gave his head a shake, and blinked. He studied the paper, glanced at the light, and again ran a hand across his eyes. It was as though something had come between his eyes and the letter he was writing; as though heat waves were rising to cause the words to dance and blur.

"Darn!" said Johnnie Cole. "I guess I must be getting sleepy." But somewhere down within him he knew that he wasn't getting sleepy; remembered, with an odd little start, that this same sensation of blurred vision had come to him before, during the past week; a fuzzing up of things, taking sharp concentration to make them once more clear.

In the ensuing days, like an antagonist getting closer and closer, the feeling of uncertain vision grew.

"Whew!" said Johnnie Cole. "I wonder if I'll have to put on glasses . . . again."

Long and long ago, as a small, small boy, he had had to wear glasses . . . just for a while . . . and then they had been laid aside. Dimly he remembered himself as this small boy, peering about uncertainly when he didn't have the glasses on—but that was almost a forgotten time ago; the eyes had strength-



ened; through grammar school and high school they had stood up under their work. Now, of course, the work was harder; he was studying intently for a scholarship—a scholarship so greatly needed with his funds as they were—and perhaps he might have to put on glasses for studying—of course, just for studying—because as soon as he left the classroom and got out on the football field his eyesight was as keen as it ever had been.

Was it?

First-string Freshman Fullback Johnnie Cole, backing up the line in practice the next afternoon, found himself blinking swiftly in order that the backs of the opposing team, crouched for their charge, would cease being like figures seen in a fog.

The figures cleared . . . came through the line.

He met the charge; crashed it down; and rose, smiling grimly. Okay! Everything all right. Just a passing imagination. . . . Once more he took his position back of the line . . . and once more the opposing backs faded away as though in fog. . . .

Johnnie Cole had glasses made . . . glasses for studying.

On the evening of the first day that he wore them, he wrote to Jane Rowell; wrote without hindrance; poured out words upon paper, stopping now and then to walk around the room, whacking his hands together and laughing

aloud in sheer exuberance at a world once more clearly seen.

"A week from Saturday," he drove his pen ahead, "we play our biggest freshman rivals. A tough team, but we'll take 'em! . . ."

In the next afternoon's practice the freshman coach, Dave Nelson—No-Alibi Nelson—a driving, hammering man, out to make a reputation as a coach, said, "Now you're going, Cole! That's the way you should've played right along."

Johnnie Cole grinned. Grinned, and lined up . . . and found himself blinking; found the opposing backs drifting away into fog. . . .

Johnnie Cole went into the game against the traditional freshman enemy as the starting fullback; went in with all the pulsing exultation that youth, that nineteen years, can give; went in, ecstatic . . . and went in with a dagger in his heart.

His team got the ball on the kick-off; they drove up the field, Johnnie Cole in the main carrying the ball, slashes off tackle, smashes through the line. And then, on a play, Johnnie Cole into the line—into the hole that the line had made—missing that hole, banging into one of his own men. No gain. Another play . . . with another back. A pass . . . incomplete. Fourth down.

FOURTH down, a yard and a half to go, and deep in the enemy's territory. The quarterback, weighing the chances . . . Johnnie Cole . . . give it to Johnnie.

Johnnie Cole . . . tackled and downed at the line of scrimmage.

His team lost the ball.

Down the field swept the enemy, their backs—the backs that had played together through high school—working like a machine. Defensive Fullback Johnnie Cole trying to stop them . . . half stopping them; missing them. Failing to knock down passes; failing to diagnose plays until they had gotten under way . . . going after them too late.

Nightmare. Thud and thud and thud of bodies against him; felled from this side, felled from that. Pulped.

Touchdown. . . . The enemy on their way to a touchdown again. Jubilant cries; de-

risive: "Let me have Cole this time; my turn to knock him over!" Knocked over. A bug—a big, blind bug—swarmed by ants. Down and down he went. And now, just shoved aside; plays going right by him without his putting a hand on them. Touchdown—and he hadn't even gotten out of his tracks to stop it.

Yells, cries, boos, louder and louder from the stands. Dogged it! Yellow! Out; out; take him out!

Out. Johnnie Cole to the side lines; Johnnie Cole slumping to the grass at the end of the bench. And the voice of Coach Dave Nelson:

"You! . . ."

Johnnie Cole, beaten, pulped, nineteen years old—and crying out in the bitterness of those nineteen years:

"I couldn't see! I couldn't see!"

Dave Nelson, drawing in his breath, exploding it; Dave Nelson, No-Alibi Nelson, voice like a lash:

"So that's your story! That's your story!" A pause, leaden. And then: "Listen, *alibi*! You'll never play on a team in this university again!"

"OTHER things," wrote Johnnie Cole to a girl—to the girl Jane Rowell, who had now been away more than a year, over there in Europe studying—"other things have come to take up all of my time. As you know, I got that scholarship last year, and now I must keep plugging for the one of this year. So I am very busy with my studies, and when I have any spare time I go for walks in the hills. You ask me again about football. I thought I had written about it at the beginning of the college year, but it may have slipped my mind. I simply wasn't good enough to make the Varsity—that's all. And now let's forget about myself. I want to ask questions all about you. What do you do and what do you read and what . . ."

Other things . . . other things for Johnnie Cole. A silent Johnnie Cole, withdrawn into himself; a Johnnie Cole studying, studying, studying; a Johnnie Cole, at the end of each afternoon's work, swinging up into the great tumbling hills that rose sheer behind the



Illustrated by
C. C. Beall

campus; walking the trails of these hills with powerful, easy stride, looking straight ahead, alone. Afternoon on afternoon, walking, walking, alone. Stopping, now and then, to listen to the faint sounds of the city coming up from below. Stopping, afternoons of autumn—Saturday afternoons—with abruptness, with a jerk, as there came a distant, welling roar . . . the crowd; the crowd in the stadium . . . the game . . . football.

Standing, listening, face without expression, hands clenched . . . hands clenched so hard as to make the knuckles white . . . listening to the distant rising, welling, dying roar; standing there, listening, looking straight ahead, even after the roar had gone; rousing, taking quick breath, striding at redoubled pace, on and on.

Johnnie Cole. . . . The collegiate years. . . .

AND then Jane Rowell was back again, was in her apartment.

The two stood looking at each other—looking at each other across the gap of three long years—Johnnie Cole and the girl Jane Rowell; the girl who had gone away to study art and who had now re-

turned, through with studying, to take up work in the city as a designer. And a tightness was in Johnnie Cole's throat and a hammering was in his chest, and he looked and looked at this girl who was now a woman, and yet who was the same Jane Rowell—the same shapely head, the same gray eyes, the same mobile mouth that held so much of strength and humor. . . . Jane Rowell, home again, right there before him, near enough to be touched . . . he was touching her, his hands were on her arms, he was looking down at her—looking, looking—was fighting for control of his voice, was saying:

"It's you. It's you. You're wonderful! You've grown into a woman, and yet you're the same. You're Jane Rowell. And you're back . . . you're back!" And he could say no more.

Jane Rowell—the girl who had gone away to study and who had now returned—standing there, her hands on Johnnie Cole's arms, looking at him; looking at this

youth now grown to manhood, this boy that was—tall he had been when she had left, and broad of shoulder, but now he was taller, broader; his face had lost its roundness; square were the lines at jaw and chin and forehead. Johnnie Cole the man, and yet, underneath, the same Johnnie Cole of the years gone by. Johnnie. And with an effort at framing the words, she was saying:

"My, but it's good to see you again! To see you; to talk to you; to look at you. Grown up . . . and yet, just Johnnie.

"You look exactly like the last picture that you sent, several months ago," Jane went on, continuing to study him. "Only, since then, you've put on glasses."

A change went over Johnnie Cole's face; a change—a bleakness—swiftly come, swiftly gone; yet while it was there, the watching Jane Rowell had looked upon a different Johnnie Cole; one emerging, as it were, from behind those glasses . . . to be revealed, bleak . . . to be hidden again.

And then Johnnie Cole was giving a quick laugh and was saying: "Oh, yes . . . glasses. I thought . . . that I looked better in a picture without them." And he added—added as though the words were rushing past him even as he tried to stay their flight—"You see, I've . . . I've worn glasses for a little longer than you think I have. I've worn them for three years."

INTO Jane Rowell's apartment there seemed to come, for no accountable reason, a thing that could be neither measured nor weighed . . . coming, going . . . yet leaving an electric tenseness there. And then Johnnie Cole was quickly laughing again, was now on his feet hurrying out words:

"Let's forget all about glasses. What do you say to a walk, or a picture?"

For a moment Jane Rowell continued to sit as though she hadn't heard. Then she was on her feet, and gray eyes and mobile mouth were smiling their pleasure. "Love to!" she said.

Humming a tune, she went into the next room to get her hat. Went in—and as soon as she had closed the door the humming stopped. Something, somehow, had happened to that man out there. Something more than the mere putting on of glasses . . . something deep.

She reached for her hat and came through the doorway.

"All ready!" she said, smile in her eyes and on her lips. "Let's go to a picture!"

All through the picture and, after the picture, at a soda-fountain, she studied him, talking, casually asking questions, listening. And the man who, as a youth in high school had been so full of driving plans, now, in talking of these plans, wove into them the words if, and perhaps, and maybe. Where . . . where was the boy who had once been so slam-ahead? What had happened to the one-time fighting Johnnie Cole?

(Continued on page 39)

Through! Somebody had blocked the defensive fullback . . . Johnnie Cole was in the open, going up the field



The Wrong Man

A Short Short Story complete on this page.

By Octavus Roy Cohen



Illustrated by
Irving Norick

MOBILE

"Arrest me?" he quavered. "For what?"
"Fraud, for one thing," snapped Jules

STARTING right at the beginning, the thing developed this way:

One morning a stranger—a good-looking young feller—breezed into the law offices of Danton & Danton and asked for Old Man Jules. He introduced himself as John Williams and gave his address at a nice apartment hotel. Then he showed Jules Danton a bunch of nifty credentials—all forged, as it later turned out—and said he had come there because he'd been told that Danton & Danton was at the very tiptop of the legal profession.

His story was simple and direct. He said that for years he and a buddy named Carey Norton had been in business together down in Mobile. According to him they made bottle caps and other gimcracks and were doing very well. He told Old Man Jules that things had been going swell until the girl came along, and they both fell in love with her—and she married Norton. After that, the two partners were enemies.

So here Williams was, way up in Birmingham, inviting Danton & Danton to negotiate a dissolution of partnership for him. He asked Jules to handle it on a basis of ten per cent of the amount to change hands either way, and his proposition was that he'd buy out Carey Norton's half interest in the business for ten thousand dollars or sell to Norton his own half interest for fifteen thousand.

Of course Jules accepted the job. It was right up his alley—a nice, decent piece of negotiation; and, naturally, he wrote to Carey Norton at the Mobile address given by John Williams and stated the proposition. Williams left the law office, supposedly to loaf around his hotel, but instead of that he hopped a plane for Mobile, and reached there before Danton's letter arrived.

Get it? Carey Norton and John Williams were one and the same person. There wasn't any such business as he had described to Danton . . . about all there was to it was a bunch of nifty-looking letterheads.

So, once in Mobile, Williams became Carey Norton. He received Danton's letter and answered it briefly, saying he'd write more fully in a day or two. Then, after a proper time, he wrote again to Danton (signing as Carey Norton, of course) and protesting against the fact that Williams was only willing to pay ten thousand dollars for a half interest, but was demanding fifteen thousand dollars for his own share.

Immediately Williams hopped back to Birmingham and was on hand when Jules Danton summoned him.

ACCORDING to Jules, the correspondence kept on for a long time—a dozen letters in each direction—and we understand now that Williams was knowing just what and when Danton was going to write, and he was taking the afternoon train to Mobile and being there in time to receive Danton's letters, answer 'em, and return to Birmingham in time for another conference.

By that time, Danton was sold a hundred per cent on Williams and very much in sympathy with him. He did his best for the cheerful little crook, and was highly elated when the imaginary Carey Norton wrote from Mobile that

he was willing to buy Williams' half interest in the business for ten thousand dollars cash, instead of the fifteen originally mentioned. He said this was his last offer and that as soon as proper papers were received, he'd sign and return them to Danton & Danton with his certified check for the ten thousand.

John Williams accepted the offer. Then he ducked down to Mobile and was there when the release papers which Danton had drawn up arrived by registered mail. He executed the papers in the name of Carey Norton and quite cleverly forged a certified check for ten thousand dollars, which he also signed Carey Norton. But the slick part of the scheme was that the certified check was made payable to Danton & Danton.

JULES DANTON tells me now that he should have suspected something when he called John Williams to his office for a final settlement. He remembers that Williams was unusually bright and eager and happy, and was talking volubly of getting out of town—going to the coast where he intended building up a business of his own.

He wanted his share of the money right away. And so—feeling that he knew John Williams and that everything was okay—Jules Danton endorsed Carey Norton's forged certified check for deposit to the credit of his firm and issued a Danton & Danton check for nine thousand dollars to John Williams. Williams then asked whether Jules would be obliging enough to identify him and the check at the bank, and Danton agreed.

Then Jules Danton shoved across the desk a paper for John Williams to sign. It was a simple little thing, acknowledging that the deal had been closed, and explaining why the firm of Danton & Danton had received a check for ten thousand dollars and had turned over only nine thousand dollars of it to John Williams.

John Williams signed. He signed eagerly—being anxious to close things up and make his getaway. Then Jules asked him to wait just a moment.

John Williams waited, but he wouldn't have been so happy if he'd known what the Old Man was doing. Because what Jules did was to step to the telephone and ring the police department. They sent me over.

I walked into the room, and Jules Danton pointed to John Williams and ordered me to arrest him.

In a way, I was sorry for the young feller. He looked like a balloon which had just been punctured by a pin.

"Arrest me?" he quavered. "For what?"

"Fraud, for one thing," snapped Old Man Jules. "And forgery for another."

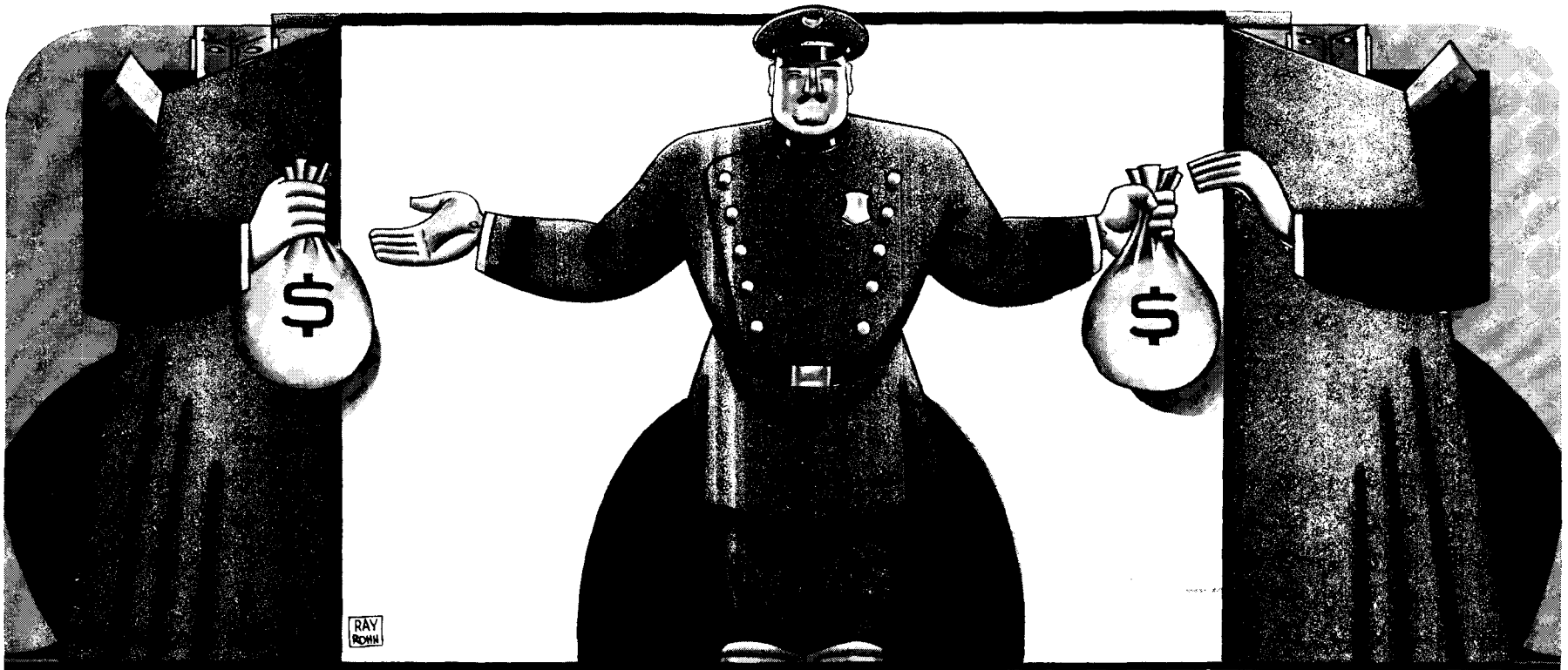
"B-b-but," choked John Williams, "I don't understand."

"I do," said Jules Danton sharply. "I understand that you had me completely fooled—but you let your nerves get the better of you."

"Wh-what do you mean?" inquired John Williams.

Jules Danton pointed to the paper on his desk.

"The strain was evidently too much for you, young man," he said. "You signed that paper 'Carey Norton.'"



"The minute a place gets sneaky it's gotta pay money somewheres"

On the Up and Up

By Don Marquis

I'M a reprobate," said the Old Soak, "and a mammal of unrighteousness. To hear some of my wife's dry friends tell it, I come purty nigh to bein' one of these here untouchables. But there's one thing I ain't always: I ain't always a hypocrite.

"And I here and now go onto record—and if you can reach high enough you can write it in letters of brass across the firmament, like the old Bible fellers say—that I'm in favor of the Open Saloon; and I ain't scared of the name and don't dodge it. There's too many of the so-called friends of liquor all the time sayin', 'Of course, I ain't in favor of the return of the Open Saloon.'

"It appears they're in favor of some kind of store where you buy it and tote it away to be drunk.

"But where you gonna tote it to? Some place where folks sets down and drinks it together, for the sake of sociability and good times? Well, them places, if they're legalized, is bound to be Open Saloons, no matter what name they're called by. If they ain't legalized, they're gonna be a speakeasy.

"The place where you drink it had orter be a place right out in the open, known, noted and notorious to everybody, with its business conspicuous so the public and the authorities can do easy whatever regulatin' and controllin' they're gonna do. If it ain't that, and that legal, it'll be sneaky; and the minute a place gets sneaky it's gotta pay money somewheres for bein' sneaky, and there's where the graft comes in, like with speakeasies and Prohibition.

AFELLER that buys a bottle and goes off and drinks it alone ain't after nothin' but the liquor; he ain't after the sociability and friendliness and good spirits I used to find in the right kind of a saloon.

"Buy it at a store, and tote it home. some says. Personally, I never had much fun out of that. My wife, she's a Prohibitionist. Soon as I uncork a bottle, she reads tracts against me. That woman has actually went so fur as to pray against me. And it always ends up by me sayin': 'All right; you can set there and nurse the Sanctity of the

Home; I'm goin' to a speakeasy, where my conversation is appreciated.'

"Besides, if it's in the Home, women gets to drinkin' themselves. And liquor ain't for women. I told you once afore this about Hennery Withers and his wife Emmeline. She got to drinkin' home-brewed ale to nurse her first baby; and the next baby was twins. That called for more ale, and the next year triplets arrived. Emmeline kept right on with the ale, and the next year was quadrupeds. And now Hennery is worried to death, pale and settin' up nights with insomnia, for this year he don't know what to look for. No, sir, liquor is for men."

I tried my best to get interested in the recent campaign, but . . . well, perhaps I'm getting old. I string along with the Bishop of Exeter, who said the other day: "If the hearts were right, there are lots of men who would be able to put things right in politics."

A Real Salesman is a bird who could go out and sell a cook book to Gandhi.

A BULLETIN from Archy, who is back in New York and glad of it:

thought i would never get home
did i tell you about the two bums
i listened to in california
named spike and cheesy
they were washing selves and clothes
in an irrigation ditch
cheesy says this valley was once the
bottom
of the ocean dont that give you a queer
feeling
now i know why i feel at home here says
spike
my old man always said i would sink
lower
than any other human on earth
and it appears that i have attained my
goal at last
the long struggle of my life has ended
in complete victory i am finally at
where i was going to please pass the
canned heat
i want to drink to the boy who made
good
i suppose said cheesy we have been
getting
a lot of handouts and nickels

really intended for workingmen out of
jobs
never look a gift horse in the mouth said
spike
but what i am afraid of said cheesy
is that this depression will end some
time
and people will start offering me jobs
again
cheer up said spike dont be a pessimist
we weathered lots of good times before
and we will manage to get through
somehow
when they come again
you gotta look on the bright side of
things
this depression is making the public
gift minded
i dont know said cheesy i am scared
it will be just hell for me
when prosperity returns with an open job
on every four corners
listen said spike you are plain selfish
dont you know there are a lot of people
in this world who really like to work
cheesy took the canned heat and
thought and thought
and thought and thought before he spoke
again
i dont believe it he said finally
after all human nature aint that bad
archy

Among the recent books is God's Gold: John D. Rockefeller and His Times, by John T. Flynn. Yes, Times; not Dimes.

President Hoover told Kit Morley that perhaps what this country needs is a great poem. He should have got Eddie Guest to write one for him to sign.

It must take an awful lot of jack to buy enough whitewash for some political sepulchres.

When you forgive a friend who has hurt you, be sure you do it with a manner which will permit him to forgive himself.

A good deal of Russian art always reminded me of a large, sad child sitting in the back yard of the universe eating fuzzy worms.



Illustrated by
Ray Rohm



John Gannam

Across the street frightened people saw a girl half carried into the car

The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE investigating New York City's underworld, Ken Meridew, a brilliant journalist, incurs the enmity of two powerful crooks: Jim Cattrone and Carl Bramer. Exciting events follow. . . . Meridew meets a girl: Myrna Dale. On the verge of falling in love with her, he learns, to his amazement, that she is meeting Cattrone secretly! He learns, furthermore, that she is having equally secret meetings with no less a personage than Mark Brockridge, the President of the United States. She may, Meridew reasons, be in love with the President, a widower. But what does Cattrone mean to her? He is completely mystified. . . .

Myrna calls on Meridew. Hardly has she arrived than Brockridge comes in—and giving no explanation, takes her away. After which, the two disappear. . . . The President's bodyguard, Gerryman, receives a message, typed on a sheet of plain paper. It reads: "We've got Brockridge. Five million will get him back. Word later." *The President of the United States has been kidnapped!* . . .

Let us now cut back for a few moments: Myrna Dale is not one of the conspirators. The explanation of her strange actions is simple enough. In Italy she had had a cook. The woman had implored her to call on her son—a "successful" man in New York. Myrna had done so. The son, *Jim Cattrone*, had informed her that he could—if he would—turn in enough evidence to convict every gangster in America! Shortly thereafter, Myrna had met the President, had told him of Cattrone. "If he will tell what he knows," Brockridge had said, "I myself will see him—I myself will promise him protection." After which, working in secrecy, the girl and the President had planned a meeting with the bootlegger. . . .

Surrounded by his associates, including Carl Bramer, on West Twenty-third Street, Cattrone receives a phone call. It is from Myrna Dale, who calmly informs him that she is bringing Brockridge down for a conference! Bramer is incredulous. "But," he snarls, "if it's him, we'll grab him!" Cattrone protests. He stops abruptly. Bramer is confronting him—with a revolver.

VIII

BROCKRIDGE stared at the flushed girl. Color, which he didn't remember having seen before in her fair skin, became her immensely. And her lips, faintly parted

in excitement, were the most alluring he had ever seen. Her beauty, which had attracted him at first glimpse, was now more pronounced than ever. Or was he, he asked himself, just a lonesome old man looking back at elusive youth and snatching at it, and mistaking it for charm and grace and loveliness?

"Well?" he said.

She sat down on the chair opposite him. She leaned across the table. There was, he told himself, a fragrance about her that was of the spirit. And his wide lips curled in a grin of self-derision. After this evening, he'd better not see her again. She was too disturbing, occasioned too many dreams.

"I told him I would bring you down in a few minutes. I told him to be alone."

Her voice, lowered in caution, was more excited than if she had screamed. Certainly, thought Brockridge, she was convinced of the ability of the man Cattrone to make good his promises. Cattrone might be a boastful liar, and she might be extremely gullible, but she was sincere.

But her last words aroused a slumbering prudence in him. After all, it was all very well for Brockridge the man to be resentful of the curtailment of freedom that his office imposed upon him. But the office itself demanded certain precautions. Brockridge the man had no right to let Brockridge the President take reckless chances. Visiting the place of business of a bootlegger might, if the visit became known, reflect discredit upon his high office, upon the party that had placed him in that office. A partisan press might deride his explanation. That press might very well say that a man who would believe the wild tale of an excited girl was not fit to hold his office. For a moment he trembled on the edge of withdrawal.

Then the man ruled the official. This

girl would think he was afraid to engage in the adventure. And the mere thought that anyone would impute cowardice to him was unendurable. It would not have been unendurable a few days ago. He realized this. A few days ago the fact that someone thought this or that of him would not have mattered. He was a big enough man to be content with his own estimate of himself and not to be concerned about the mistaken estimates of other people.

But not as far as Myrna Dale was concerned. He had said he would do a certain thing and no latent prudence would let him refuse. She mustn't think that he was afraid. It was useless to assure himself that, despite her excitement, she was obviously a girl in full possession of her mental faculties, and that a word or two of explanation would make her understand that the President of the United States could not do things that another man could do without second thought.

HE WAS, he fully understood, quite obsessed with her at the moment. Tomorrow, later tonight, he would be master of his emotions. He would laugh good-naturedly at himself as he had laughed at Meridew a little while ago. The mere thought of loving a girl thirty years younger would be ridiculous to him then, and the recollection that he had done a reckless thing because he wanted to appear well in her eyes would be most distasteful to him.

But how he would feel a few hours from now didn't matter. The prudence of the President was overridden by the recklessness of the man. Whether Cattrone were alone or surrounded by henchmen didn't matter. He would not let this girl think him lacking in courage. And further, in his justification he it said, her own belief communicated itself, in a measure, to him.

He signaled the bored waitress and

she brought their modest check. He paid her, tipped her, and they left the restaurant. He signaled a taxi as they reached the sidewalk.

"Perhaps," he said, "we'd better not ride right to the door. A less conspicuous approach—"

She nodded agreement and he told the taximan to drop them at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. As he settled himself in the seat beside her he felt for the weapon in his right hip pocket. He grinned gayly. He understood, from his newspaper reading and the motion pictures, that the gangsters of today carried their automatic pistols in shoulder holsters, or in the waistband of their trousers. But he wondered if any of them could get a weapon into action any faster than he had been able to in the old days.

Not that he had ever engaged in a pistol duel. But when he rode the range a man had to be prepared for violence, and he had expended a large portion of his not munificent wages on cartridges. The plains and hills had often reverberated to his practice. He had been good, too. Fast and accurate. And his grin grew gayer. Whoever would have thought that old Mark Brockridge, the dignified Chief Executive, would get the opportunity to engage in an adventure like this? He felt like that old caliph, Harun-al-Rashid, exploring Bagdad by night and incognito.

"I hope your friend is there," he said, as the car whirled down Fifth Avenue.

"Oh, he will be," she assured him. Her face suddenly darkened. She laid a timid hand on his arm. "I—perhaps this isn't—safe."

"Why not?" he asked.

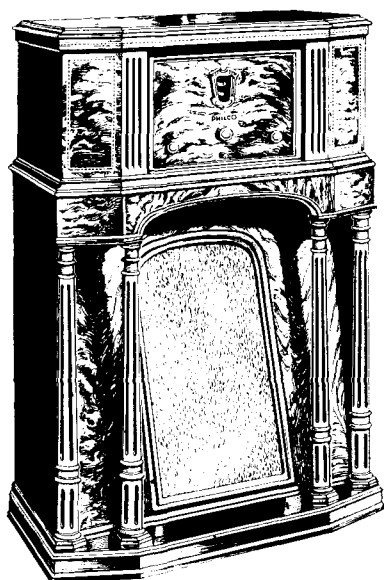
And now nothing would have made him withdraw. The mere fact that she had voiced a rather belated alarm made him all the more determined not to let her think that he, too, had felt alarm.

(Continued on page 42)

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You don't have to build it. You may not find it ready-built. But at little expense you can make it out of an old house. The author of this article has remodeled one house, the illustrator five, which puts them in a position to give you advice based on experience

By Betty Thornley Stuart

SOME women never get the house they want—or the man either—because they haven't the patience to wait, the imagination to look ahead or the daring to take what they want even if their friends think they're crazy.

But there comes a time in the life of every woman, and most men, when rented quarters just won't do. The instinct for roots has to be satisfied. And the only thing that will turn the trick is a house of one's own.

Building the right way is never cheap, though it's cheaper now than would have been thought possible three years ago. But remodeling, if the right house can be found, in the right situation, with the right planting in place from which to start landscaping—remodeling is a relatively inexpensive adventure, just because an old house isn't everybody's buy.

The author of this article has made over one such and considers herself a promising novice. She represents the conservative type of remodeler who wants to settle in and stay put. The illustrator has made over five. He's got the habit in a big way. He says it's more fun than golf, bridge, playing the

market or even fooling around with line drawings.

The older sections of America are peppered with houses waiting for somebody with imagination to come along and see them as they might be—houses you pass in your car on the very hot nights when you wish you had more space so you could be cool at home. Even in the newer sections there are well-built houses of middle period that miss distinction but leave the door wide open for it to be added. Why wait till somebody else has had the fun and the profit of doing the old house over and selling it to you? Why not be old-house-minded and get the kudos and the cash yourself?

You'll Need a Good Architect

In choosing a place to make over, the first danger to guard against is being carried away by mere picturesqueness, and the second is its reverse—being buffaloed by surface dilapidation, for the house that looks gone to pieces without really being so is the best bargain. No house that lacks a sound skeleton is worth consideration, but if the bones are there the rest is easy.

But you mustn't trust essentials to a friend who seems to be a practical man, or to a local contractor who's probably crazy for a job. Get an architect to begin with, and if he says no, just weep a bit and renounce. If he says yes, shake hands and stick to him like a brother till the last painter is out of the house. Lots of people feel that a make-over job doesn't call for an architect, yet it's really the one that needs him most, because it doesn't follow the routine procedure of new construction to which the contractor and his subs are accustomed. Everything existing has to be checked—can it be used, or should it be replaced, and if so, by what? To throw out too much is wasteful. To keep too much is still worse. To do the wrong sort of combining is fatal. Solving such problems calls for the best technical knowledge.

Of course there are architects and architects. If possible, get a man who has a feeling for your kind of house—

Colonial, Georgian, American 1830, Victorian or what have you—because you don't want to end up by owning an expensive mongrel with very little resale value. But whatever your architect is or isn't artistically, be sure he's dead practical. You might be equipped to supply the taste yourself; you couldn't write the specifications. One little phrase, correctly worded, may save you hundreds of dollars—a phrase you'd never have thought of in a hundred years. An architect doesn't specify mere materials. He specifies precise qualities of those materials.

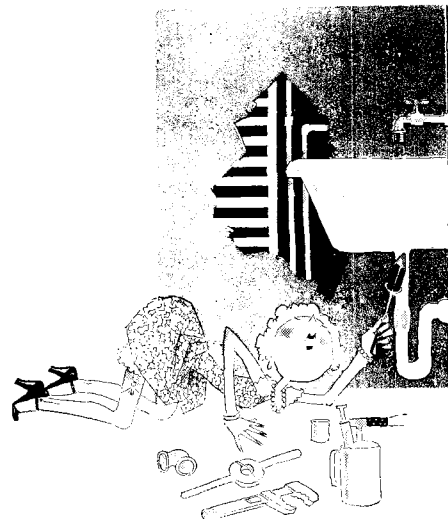
Providing for Future Changes

Then, too, an architect can help you plan not only for the present but also for the future. Things may be done quickly and inexpensively while the house is torn up and exasperation if you did them later on. For example, we aren't going to use our third story at present, but all the heating and the plumbing pipes are carried up and capped so that this section can become livable with no major alterations. A single large third-story closet has three electric outlets, because, when the make-over occurs, part of it will be a closet for one bedroom, part of it will hook up with another and the remainder will be the third-story linen cupboard, construction being done over any composition board, which goes up like magic.

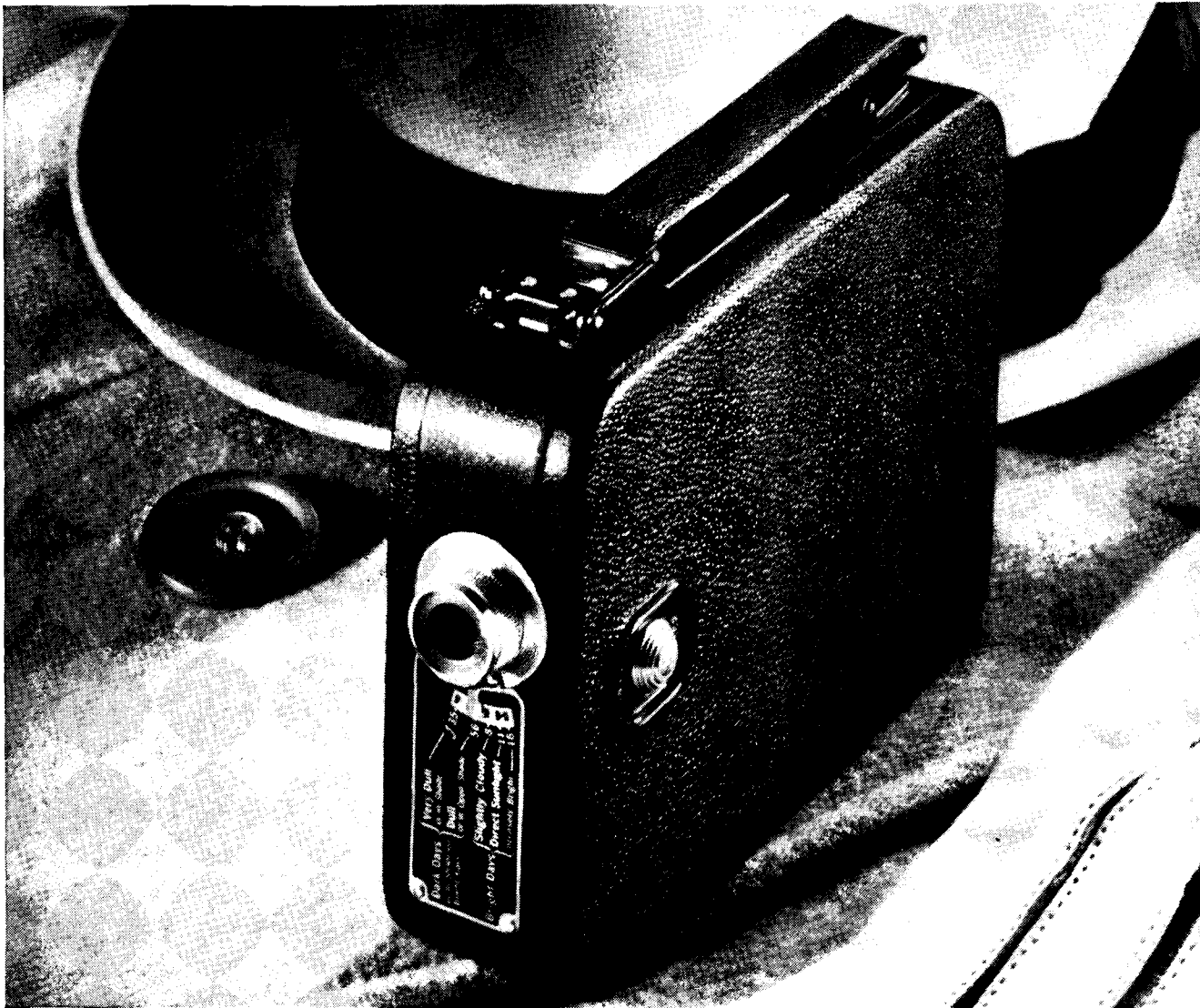
Incidentally, all plans should be kept. Filed away as carefully as Grandmother framed her marriage lines. If something goes wrong with the plumbing five years from now, or ten, there will be no time-wasting, exploratory operations with such X-ray photographs on hand.

If the architect is a human being as well as a clever technician—and most of them are—he won't resent working with people who know that Rome wasn't built in a day largely because the Romans hadn't enough at the moment to do it on. What he dislikes isn't the frankness that says, "We want it, but we can't afford it now." It's the silly posing attitude that never tells him the financial facts. But all too frequently people don't state clearly what there is to spend, how they plan to live, what servants are to be kept both now and later, what entertaining will be done and whether the week-end guests are the sort who have a fit if there isn't one bathroom for each or the kind who can take their turn. Such vagueness often results in plans that have to be drawn and redrawn, with loss of time not only in the drafting-room but to the client. And the house that might have fitted like a glove turns out to pinch like a Victorian dancing slipper or bulge like last year's galoshes.

Having begun by making friends with her architect, the wise lady goes on to
(Continued on page 32)



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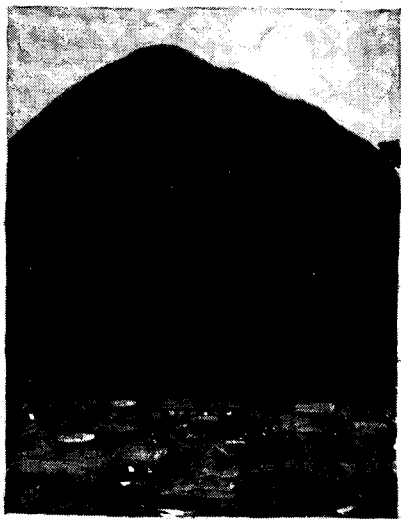
Thunder Mountain

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

THREE brothers—Sam, Jake and Kalispel Emerson—strike gold deep in the wild Saw Tooth Range. Jake leaves at once for Boise to obtain development capital. Kalispel goes to Salmon, a mining town, for supplies. Sam remains to guard the claim. . . . In Salmon, Kalispel makes a number of enemies—and three friends: "Nugget," a dance-hall girl; Sydney Blair, a charming Eastern girl (with whom he promptly falls in love), and her father. When he returns to the scene of the strike the Blairs accompany him. . . . A shocking surprise awaits the trio: A "rush" is on; Sam has disappeared; one Rand Leavitt is in possession of the Emersons' claim.

In self-defense, Kalispel kills Selback, one of Leavitt's hirelings—then drinks himself into a stupor. Sydney sees him—in- toxicated. Shocked, she declines to have anything to do with him; and Kalispel soon learns that Rand Leavitt is infatuated with her! . . . The group of tents grows—becomes "Thunder City." Three officials are appointed: a judge, Leavitt; a sheriff, Lowrie; and a recorder, Borden—all enemies of Kalispel. And presently Jake returns. He had, he reports, never reached Boise—Selback had slugged him, left him for dead, on the way. Henceforth, he and Kalispel devote themselves to gathering evidence against Leavitt. . . . Blair is gambling—losing money steadily to the two crooks, Pritchard and Selby. Kalispel exposes the rascals, and, during the ensuing turmoil, shoots Selby in the arm. After which he accompanies Blair to his cabin. Sydney is there. She professes to be incensed at the news. Kalispel is unperturbed. He whips out his gun. "See that?" he draws. "Well, so long as I can use it, you'll never marry Leavitt."



VI

THE next day was Saturday, a drowsy summer day, with a hint of blue haze in the air and the smell of fall. Kalispel happened to meet Nugget on the street. In everyday costume, free of the scant and alluring attire of the dance hall, she made a pretty, graceful figure. Kalispel did not need to be asked twice to accompany her to Reed's store. As luck would have it, Leavitt and Sydney appeared coming down the street.

"Look! There's my secret admirer with the Blair girl," said Nugget, laughing. "Funny thing—life! . . . Kalispel, do you know her?"

"I've met her," replied he.

"She's lovely. What a damned shame if she's stuck on that hypocrite."

"Nugget, when we pass them I dare you to speak to him."

"Never took a dare in my life. . . . It might be a hunch to her."

Perhaps twenty paces distant, Sydney looked up to spy Kalispel and his

companion. Suddenly a blazing scarlet blush suffused her face. It disappeared as swiftly, leaving her pale, with great tragic eyes staring straight ahead. Because of her strange reaction, which staggered Kalispel, he could not look at Leavitt.

"Howdy, Rand," called Nugget, with the most innocent, smiling naïveté.

Then the couples passed each other and Nugget turned to her companion.

"Gosh, but he'll murder me! . . . Did you see her blush? . . . Why, Kalispel, you're as white as a sheet!"

"Am I? Wal, I feel yellow."

"Ashamed to be seen with me?"

"Not on your life! I was glad an' don't forget it. . . . Nugget, that's the girl who broke my heart."

"YOU don't say! The Blair girl!" she whispered, excitedly. "Oh, Kalispel, she is lovely. You poor fellow! Now I understand you and I like you better than ever. You're true to that proud girl, though she passes you scornfully on the street. And Leavitt, the skunk, parades along with her, doing the elegant—and after dark, late at night, slips in the back door to try to make love to me. . . . I'll be darned if I don't tell her!"

"Nugget, that'd be doin' her a good turn," replied Kalispel, hopefully.

"Boy, if I know girls, she didn't burn like a house afire for nothing when she recognized you. Kalispel, I'll bet she's in love with you."

"Aw, Nugget, don't handle words so horrible careless."

"I'll bet it," she went on, vehemently. "Did she ever love you?"

"I reckon so. A little."

"Then it's a lot now. Nothing like jealousy to show a woman's heart! She saw us—she thought you were sweet on the little blond dance girl. She gave herself away."

"No—no! It's only worse. She'll like him all the more."

"Listen, pard," whispered the girl, wickedly. "If she does, I can tell her something that will kill it pronto. And if not, I can tell you something that will make you kill him pronto."

"Nugget!" cried Kalispel.

"That's all now. Here's the store. Don't give up, cowboy. . . . Tell Dick I'll meet him tonight, right after supper."

Kalispel was scraping and stretching an elk hide when his young friend, Dick Sloan, put in an appearance.

"Howdy, Dick. You're not panning gold while the sun shines," was Kalispel's greeting.

"I don't care," replied the youth, flinging himself down.

It was then that Kalispel glanced up from his work. Dick was a fair-haired and frank-faced young fellow of twenty-two, lately come to Thunder City, who had at once taken a liking to Kalispel. The mining camp was not the best place in the world for Dick, and this morning he looked it.

"Had a scrap with Nugget?" asked Kalispel, intuitively.

"Not exactly. But she—dished me," rejoined Dick, miserably.

"Dished you? Wal, the fickle little devil! She swore she liked you."

"I thought so, too."

"Did she meet you last night?"

"Yes. An' we walked across the bridge. She was different somehow. Sort of cold an' gloomy. Wouldn't let



As Kalispel released the girl she

me touch her. I smelled liquor on her. I hate thet, an' I scolded her fierce. She took it so quiet I was sorry. Then she said: 'Dick, my boss says you interfere with my business. You take my time. An' you don't drink or gamble. There's nothin' in it for the house. So I'll have to give up seeing you any more.'"

"Wal, I'll be darned! Doesn't sound like Nugget. . . . An' what'd you say to that, Dick?"

"I TOLD her I'd drink an' gamble. My claim is comin' out fine, Kalispel. You can never tell about gold diggin's. My neighbor, an old miner, says I'll strike it rich. So I can afford to take Nugget's time."

"Ah-huh. An' what'd she say to that?"

"She wouldn't hear of it. First she talked sense to me, an' seein' that was no good she pitched into me proper. Then I told her there wasn't any use—that I loved her, an' wanted to marry her an' take her away from thet rotten dance hall."

"The devil you did! Gosh, Dick, you are gone. An' all my fault! What'd I do it for? . . . An' how'd Nugget take that?"

"Kind of shocked her," replied Sloan. "We were walkin' back an' had just got

to the bridge. She stopped to lean on the rail. Burst out cryin'. . . . I was plumb near cryin' myself— She looked so forlorn an' pretty in the moonlight. But she got over it quick an' walked in. 'Thanks, Dick, for askin' me. I'm sorry I can't.' I asked her why she couldn't an' she told me she didn't care for me. An' I said she had cared at first. She'd admitted it an' kissed me, too. I kept naggin' her all the way back. Finally she laughed sort of mockin' an' said: 'You poor kid! Mebbe I'm in love with Cliff Borden!' Then she left me."

"I'm a son of a gun," ejaculated Kalispel.

"Borden runs the hall where she dances, doesn't he?" went on Sloan.

"Yes. An' Rand Leavitt is his silent pardner."

"Do you think she told the truth? I can't believe it."

"No. I should smile not," declared Kalispel, vehemently, slamming his knife down. "Nugget is as good an' fine an' clean as the gold she's named for. Aw, I don't care if she is a dance-hall girl. That's her job, her misfortune. . . . She dished you, Dick, because you were serious an' she wanted to save you from trouble with Borden."

"Kalispel, I shore was serious."



sank on the bed, weak and white, her blue eyes fixed in tragic solemnity

Harold Von Schmidt

"Better forget her, boy, an' go back to your pannin' gold."

"But I can't forget her," Dick protested, miserably. "I love her! Pard, didn't you ever feel that way about a girl, an' couldn't forget her?"

"Yes, I did, Dick. I do!"

"Then you must understand, Kalispel. I've got to figure a way. If I go to hittin' the bottle an' buckin' the tiger she'll see there's no help for me—an' be nice."

"Dick, you'd be fool enough to do that," snapped Kalispel, furiously. It was as if he were caught in the trap, too.

"My mind is made up, unless you can do somethin'," answered Sloan, simply.

"All right, I'll make her see you," decided Kalispel, goaded by his conflicting emotions. "Go back to work. An' I'll fetch Nugget to the bridge tonight if I have to pack her. Right after supper."

Sloan lunged up with glowing face, about to burst into grateful acclaim.

"Cheese it!" yelled Kalispel. "Get out quick, or I'll change my mind."

Sloan fled, and Kalispel returned to his work. But often his hand dropped listlessly, and his busy mind cogitated the strangeness, the mystery, the terror and the glory of love. Kalispel knew

what yearning for a girl's lips meant. He knew, and hated himself while he confessed it, that he would be madly glad for Sydney Blair's kisses, even though he had to share them with other men. But his portion seemed more bitter than that. For Sydney surely despised him now. She could not but believe that he was in love with the dance-hall girl.

PERHAPS such trend of thought had more to do with Kalispel's impotent rage than did poor Sloan's predicament. At any rate he worked himself into one of his cool, reckless, dangerous states, and towards sunset he left his cabin and paced swiftly down the trail.

As he passed Blair's cabin, Sydney came out on the porch, with a pan or dish in her hands. She wore a blue gingham apron, her sleeves were rolled to her elbows, and she looked bewitching. Kalispel was in a mood for anything. He would confront her, make her furious or sick or something, cost what it might. Sloan's miserable love, so devastating and all-powerful, had called to his own.

Kalispel went up on the porch, to Sydney's amazement. He had never done that before. Her violet eyes, suddenly dilating with surprise, appeared to

search his face for signs of intoxication.

"Where's your dad?" asked Kalispel.

"I don't know. He left in a huff."

"How are things goin'?"

"They could not be worse. . . . But as Dad is out—please—"

"Please rustle, eh? Ump-umm. I'm hopin' you'll ask me to supper."

She laughed contemptuously. "You flatter yourself, Mr. Emerson."

"Do you expect to be alone?"

"Yes. Dad will not come back. And I don't care. . . . Oh, I hate the way things are turning out."

"Tell me, Sydney."

"No. You may be Dad's friend. He thinks so. But you are certainly not mine."

"Is Leavitt comin' over tonight?"

"I'd like to lie to you. He is not."

"An' you'll be alone till late?"

"Yes."

"I don't like it a bit," declared Kalispel, forcibly.

"You don't! As if it were any of your business," she returned, and again her mocking little laugh scorned him.

"Wal, take your choice," said Kalispel, with a chill in his voice. "Either you let me come back here or I'll drag your father out of that gamblin' joint an' beat him so he'll be laid up for a spell."

"You cannot mean that—that last," she protested.

"I shore do."

"You would hurt Dad?"

"Hurt him? Isn't he hurtin' you, more an' more? Isn't he slippin' more every day? Isn't he leavin' you alone for this slick-tongued Leavitt to—"

"Yes," she interposed hurriedly. "But that is no reason for violence. Your kindness is misplaced, Mr. Emerson. You are not my champion."

"Not with your consent, I shore can see. But I am, anyhow."

"You are, in—in spite of my scorn for you?"

IN SPITE of that. . . . I've had a rotten deal, Sydney. From life, from luck, from this liar Leavitt—from you. But, deep as it all has sunk into me, I'm still a man. An' I'm goin' to raise hell around these diggin's pretty pronto."

"I declare—you are the most amazing person. I simply cannot understand you."

"Wal, that's because I'm simple an' honest. An' you're deep an' deceitful. You're a woman. You don't play fair. . . . But, as always, we get into a fight. I'll be goin'. Make your choice. Do I come back here or—"

"Very well, you may come. I prefer even your presence to having my poor, misguided dad beaten."

"Oh, no. You can't say cuttin' things. Not at all! . . . All right, I'll come, unless I can persuade your dad to," replied Kalispel, and he leaped off the steps and strode away, smarting under her gibe, sick with his impotence. Yet, as he recalled that last unfathomable gaze, his nerves seemed to quiver. When she hated him so flagrantly why did she look at him like that? It seemed as if some part of her personality was in conflict with another. But whatever complexity of emotion ruled her, the effect on Kalispel only added to his somber state.

He went into the Chinaman's little shop and passed some time over a biscuit and a cup of coffee. Then at half after six o'clock he wended his way toward Borden's dance hall. The building occupied considerable space, and as it was only one story high the dining-room, kitchen and other rooms were on the ground floor. Kalispel presented himself at the door of the former. Half a dozen young women were at supper, but Nugget was not with them.

"Evenin', girls. Where's that golden-headed Nugget?"

"She just left the table," replied one of them. "Down the hall, last room on the right. But she don't receive gentlemen in her budwar." The last sentence had something of a sneer in it.

KALISPEL thanked the girl but made no other reply. He found the narrow, dark hall, and at length reached the end and knocked.

"Who's there?" came the answer.

"It's me, Nugget—Kalispel."

The little door swung open to let him step into a small room, well lighted and furnished. Nugget welcomed him with glad eyes.

"Howdy, cowboy," she said gayly as she closed the door. Then as she observed him more closely: "Kalispel, what's wrong? Oh, you look—"

He reached for her with powerful hand and pulled her close, to peer down into the startled face.

"For two bits I'd wring your little white neck."

"Why, Kalispel! You're drunk!" she gasped. "What have I done?"

"You've played fast an' loose with my pard."

"Dick? I did not. I played square with him. Poor boy! He wanted to marry me."

(Continued on page 46)

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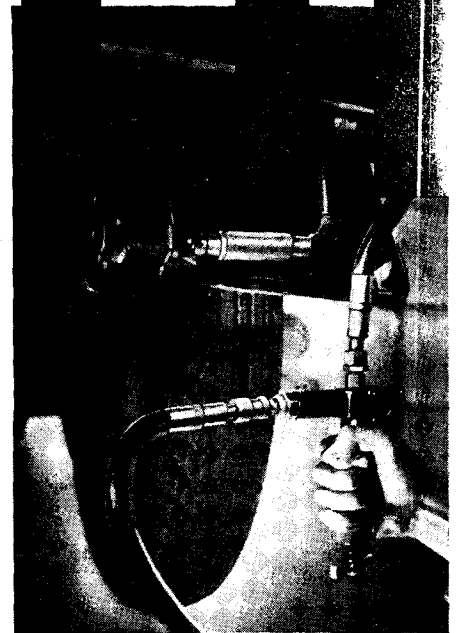
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Continued from page 13

Pennsylvania. Anybody could have done it, and broker friends of mine got their commissions out of it."

"I thought you were a lawyer."

"I am. My law work had mostly to do with banking and estate work, trusteeships and that sort of thing, and when I was offered my present job I took it—it's really a lawyer's job—with the understanding that I could continue to take care of my old clients. So far as money is concerned I don't have to work. I'm no Croesus but I'm comfortably well off. What she left me was not for services rendered, but because the old woman never had a son; I was respectful to her because it was the easiest thing to be, and she thought I was fond of her. Old women sometimes like young men to be fond of them. Some old women marry their young chauffeurs."

"There's no use talking about it; it's done and over with," Edith said. "I'll give the thousand to Father, and he won't take it, and we'll argue about it, and I'll spend it in dribbles on the kids. At least I won't have to worry about the propriety of living on dear Aunt Clara's money. I'll find a job and have a lot better time."

"Somehow I can't imagine you with a job."

"Why not? . . . But it's a swell time to find work, isn't it?"

She stood up, put her hands behind her head and swayed for an instant on her toes. Her grace was entrancing. "Troubles or no troubles, it's a good old world, and I'm in love with it. But I'm not in love with those two old maids in the house, and I'm going to have a look round to see that things are ship-shape, just to show I'm not afraid of them. I'll be back in a minute if you've nothing better to do than wait here."

SHE went and came back in about ten minutes.

"Everything is as it should be," she said. "A bit old-fashioned but in keeping with the place and the occasion. The ladies were so pleasant they made me a little ashamed of myself. Please give me another of my cigarettes."

Arthur gave her one and lighted it for her. "What are you going to do—leave the beautiful village of Perley tomorrow?" he asked.

"I suppose so. There's nothing for me to do here, the bank will do everything, won't it, even to disposing of Aunt Clara's clothes and things?"

"Yes, that's part of their job, but I thought you might stay on a while."

"Are you going to stay? What is there for you to do?"

"Nothing, but I've got to be somewhere. If I hadn't come here, I'd have gone to New England for a month's holiday. It doesn't make any difference to anyone else where I am. I thought a few days here might be pleasant."

The girl smiled, not quite involuntarily, and looked at him with a question in her face.

"It sounds perfect," she said, "provided there's no misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding! Good heavens! Didn't you make me understand one evening two years ago?"

"Oh, I don't mean anything of that sort, big or little. I'm just being conceited and imagining possibilities that aren't possible. But if I stay here with you, just the two of us—I'm willing to take the chance of having my heart broken, but I'm not going to let my indecent behavior break the heart of a nice man like you. No! Don't interrupt me—any man, even a crusty bachelor

like you, gets silly sometime in his life and then blames the woman if he gets hurt. I'm willing to be a forward hussy but not that forward."

"You will stay and play with me with the understanding that you like me but that you couldn't possibly love me and that you're the kind of girl that doesn't play fast and loose with men."

"Concisely and accurately stated, as becomes a lawyer," she said.

"The understanding is complete and satisfactory," Arthur stated.

IT WAS quite dark when they walked toward the house. They met the minister and the trust officer, who had had affairs elsewhere and were returning for supper. With them they mounted the piazza steps and came face to face with three gentlemen, one of whom was coatless. The coatless gentleman, though a bit hazy in outline, was obviously disturbed.

"Where's my coat? Have you seen my coat?" he asked, addressing everyone. No one admitted having seen his coat. "I left it on the railing and it's gone. Somebody's taken it."

No one admitted having taken it, but perhaps it flashed across the minds of some that the president had put the will in the inside pocket of his coat.

"Here it is," came the superintendent's voice from the darkness. "It fell off; it was on the ground."

"Fine, fine! Thank you," said the president and took his coat and sent his fingers flying through its folds. "My wallet is gone," he exclaimed, "and the will. They must have fallen out."

But a search, first with the aid of matches and then with a lantern, disclosed neither will nor wallet. Neither was where the coat had been nor in the immediate vicinity, nor were they on or near the path to the barn well, nor at the well, nor in the library, nor, so far as the house could be searched quickly, were they in the house. Beyond all reasonable doubt someone had made off with the will and the wallet.

It was long after eight o'clock when the company sat down to supper. The wallet, the president said, was nothing; a few dollars, a few unimportant memoranda and a driver's license were in it, but the will was another matter.

"Isn't there a copy of it?" the vice president asked. "The lawyer who drew it ought to have a signed copy of it."

"He probably would if he were alive. Drawing that will was one of the last things old Silas Ruddick did, I imagine. He died two years ago, and his son, who was in with him, went to New York. Before he went he stored all his father's papers in Bill Ruddick's barn—he's another son—and the next winter the barn burned down. There's no copy to be had in that direction."

"It'll turn up in the morning," the superintendent said. "Anyway, we all know what was in it."

"Perhaps we do and perhaps we don't," the trust officer suggested. "The courts don't like to trust people's memories, especially people who claim under the will. And people get mixed up without meaning to and things get confused. I'm not at all sure the court would probate the will on oral testimony. It all depends."

DURING the meal Arthur Wells watched the girl's face, her eyes, her hands and was satisfied with what he saw. As they all filed out of the dining-room he took her arm, whispered to her, and led her out of doors, where they were alone.

"Edith, you don't know a thing about me except what I've told you myself. I'm going to ask you a serious question. Will you answer it, absolutely honestly?"

"Yes, I will," she laughed at him, "and the answer is 'yes.'"

"But you don't know the question."

"Don't I? You stupid creature! Do I trust you, absolutely? I'm in a nice pickle; I know it and you know it. Your gallant spirit rises, damsel in distress, what else could the question be? Thank God, you're here, Arthur, gallant spirit and all. Tell me you trust me, that's even more important just now than the other way round."

"I do trust you, absolutely, and you know it," he said.

"I hoped so. There are just ten people here. Four of them were together down by the barn, two went away and didn't come back until the will was gone, two of them were in the kitchen and

(Continued on page 30)



"You must come over and laugh at my people sometime!"

Frank Owen

THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT!

EVEREADY PRESTONE

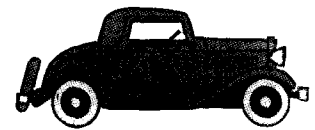


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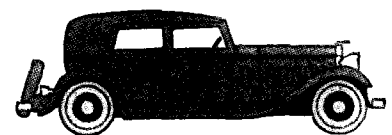
If boil-away anti-freeze is used, there must be one-half gallon in the cooling-system every time the thermometer drops to 20° F. Cost (?) . . . it depends on the number of cold snaps. Meanwhile, frequent renewals, checking, trouble and bother.



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You can buy a water-diluted anti-freeze at a lower cost per gallon, but you will have to buy much more than two gallons to get the same protection. How much more will depend on the amount of water in the product. Therefore, the cost per gallon of such anti-freeze means nothing.

If boil-away anti-freeze is used, two full gallons must be present every time the temperature drops to zero. The cost may easily exceed the cost of Eveready Prestone. Meanwhile, no certain protection against freezing—none at all against corrosion.

*"Maybe the label does say
'pre-shrunk'—my neck says
different!"*



"I don't care *what* the label says—this shirt has shrunk—and shrunk something terrible . . . What's that? These shirts were such a bargain? . . . A fine bargain when you can't wear a shirt after the second laundering! Give the whole lot of 'em to Singer's Midgets. And let this be a lesson, madam. The next time you buy me shirts . . ."

* * * *

The next time, dear lady, ask for Arrow Shirts. They're shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process. No matter how often the shirt is laundered, this process guarantees permanent fit—or you get a new shirt. Think what that means! You don't have to buy shirts over-size—and hope they'll shrink to the right size. You'll never again have to throw out perfectly good shirts because they've shrunk beyond all wearing. And that's what happens to a lot of shirts—even

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So when you're tempted by "bargain" shirts, ask yourself this question: "Am I *sure* to get the fine fabrics, the perfect fit, and the permanent fit I'm sure of in an Arrow Shirt?" No, lady, you aren't. So insist upon the Arrow label. Without that, the shirt is not an Arrow Shirt. The famous Arrow Trump is \$1.95. The Paddock is \$2.50. Others to \$5. © 1932, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.

ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED
SHRUNK
A new shirt if one ever shrinks

Kiss me, if you Like

Continued from page 28

dining-room, you and I were under the old apple tree. You stayed there, I went into the house. Apparently I'm the only one of the ten who had the opportunity to take the will and the wallet; don't forget the wallet. Also, I suspect that I am the only one of the ten who could possibly benefit by the disappearance of the will. Is that correct?"

"That is, seemingly, correct, except that you didn't do it. I'm not even asking you to say you didn't. Come along and we'll have a word with all these men."

They talked the situation over. Then Arthur went back to The Pines.

THE next day the sun shone brightly, but it did not discover either the will or the wallet, and the president and the trust officer were at their wits' end. Arthur had been called to the telephone at nine o'clock at The Pines, and when he left the instrument he was smiling. He found Edith.

"Let's go to the old house and lend a hand, if they need one."

They went and found the search in full swing. The news had spread and willing hands were plentiful. The president was there and Arthur talked with him at some length.

Then he went back to Edith.

"There's nothing we can do here," he said; "how would you like to take a drive?"

"I'd be delighted to take a drive. Where to, or does it matter?"

"It does matter. I'm dying to see Scranton."

"Tell me why you want to go to Scranton."

"All right, if you must know. I want to see the trains."

"I'm not going unless I know why you chose such a foolish place to go."

"On my word of honor, I am going to see—at least meet a train."

She looked at him intently. "Tell me what's going on?"

"Do you still trust me?"

"A woman's a fool to trust any man when he isn't open and aboveboard. Oh, well, come on."

They went on. Scranton was fifty miles away as the crow flies. Arthur took seventy-five to it. They had lunch and lingered over it; it was after three when he drove her to the railroad station. He left her in the car while he waited for a train to come in. The train came, a man alighted from it, immediately recognized Arthur and handed him a large envelope sealed with red wax. They talked together for a moment or two, and Arthur gave him an envelope and went back to the car.

"So far so good," he said. "And now—let's go."

"I never did like mysteries, and I'm getting to positively hate this one."

"So am I. Let's get it over with. We can't do it here."

"You're driving," the young lady said.

Arthur drove to the banks of the lake where they had canoed, and they left the car.

"We can talk here without being disturbed," he said. "Let's sit down."

"Something is going to happen, or has happened," she exclaimed. "I can feel it in my bones, to say nothing of all the didos you've been cutting."

"There is some truth in what you say. I've got a job on my hands, and I'm not sure that I'm up to it. However, I can only do my best. To begin with, I am going to ask you a hypothetical question. Don't misunderstand it or me. A young man meets a young woman and she chooses to be extremely pleasant.

She obviously has a fine mind, a keen sense of humor and a delightful disposition. She seems to him to be completely good, worthy and respectable. And besides all that, she dresses with perfect taste and most pleasing modesty; she is graceful; without being in the least pretty she is extremely handsome, and she is entirely charming. Having so impressed herself on the man, the question is—the hypothetical question—can the man be sure that the woman is as he believes her to be, or is his judgment worth nothing?"

"His judgment isn't worth a tinker's dam," the girl answered. "Some women can fool most men. The girl may be what the man thinks she is, or she may be quite the opposite. But what has this to do with the will and your mystery stuff?"

"Did I say it had anything to do with it?"

"I hope it has. If it hasn't, it's a queer way to propose to a girl who has warned you not to."

"It was not a proposal. Somehow or other I've got to find out whether a certain girl is actually a first-class A Number One woman, everything that the best type of American girl should be, and I must not be influenced by what that girl has made me think she is. I must leave my own susceptibilities out of it. Is she what I think she is, or is she not?"

"I'm not, if that free-hand drawing of yours was aimed at me. What is all this nonsense?"

He took the large envelope from his pocket, cut the seals with his knife, and drew out the papers that were in it and spread them fanwise.

"First of all, we have a copy of your Aunt Clara's will, a copy of the duplicate original which is locked up tight in my safe and signed, witnessed and all in order. Last night a fellow officer got out the will for me and had a copy typed and sent up here. When her lawyer, old Silas Ruddick, died, Mrs. Moore went to his son and got the copy and sent it and the original to me. She said the will was all right so far as her wishes were concerned, but she wanted to be sure that it was properly drawn and perfectly legal. She wanted my opinion, or, if it was out of my line, that of some first-class lawyer. The will was all right and I sent it back to her."

"WHY didn't you say that you had a copy of the will when the other was lost?"

"I wasn't sure I had a signed duplicate and not just a typed copy, not absolutely sure. I telephoned last night, and as soon as I knew, this morning, that the duplicate was with these other papers, and had not been sent back with the original, I told the president of the bank that I had it. Another reason was that nobody was supposed to know the contents of the will until it was read. Your Aunt Clara had a reason for that, whatever you may think of the reason."

"You knew the contents of the will when we talked about it, before it was read, didn't you?"

"Yes, and I hated not telling you, but I couldn't."

"It didn't matter," she said.

"It won't matter in the end. Now we come to something really important. Read that," he said, "but before you read it I ought to tell you that I advised your aunt Clara against what she proposed doing and, if she insisted on doing it, against doing it in the slipshod way she insisted upon. I'll tell you about the technicalities some other time. Read the letter."

The letter was from Clara Moore to Arthur Wells, and the gist of it was this: She was leaving Edith Scott one thousand dollars; she would not cut off her only relative with nothing, no matter how much she disapproved of her. She was leaving him fifty-five thousand dollars. Of this he was to keep five thousand dollars. She was an old woman, she had lived all her life in a small town, life had changed a great deal since she was a girl; perhaps, after all, she was not fitted to judge the new generation or a particular member of it. Arthur was fitted to judge it much better than she was. She had great confidence in his judgment, and he knew and understood the new generation. Therefore, when she was dead he should go to her funeral. Edith Scott would undoubtedly be there, and there could be no better time or place to discover what sort of woman she was.

If he wished he might arrange to meet her elsewhere. In any case he was to determine whether she was a really good woman. If he found her so, if he found her to be the sort of woman he would marry or be glad to have a son of his marry, then he should pay her the fifty thousand dollars placed in his keeping. If he found her otherwise, he would give the money to any hospital he might select, the gift to be in memory of his grandmother, with no word as to its actual source.

EDITH'S hands dropped to her lap and for a long time she seemed to be gazing at the letter she had read. Then her eyes turned slowly to Arthur.

"And so you went to Whitestown when you knew I was there?"

"Yes. I didn't fancy the job, but it had to be done. I suppose I took it really because my grandmother, and my mother too, would have liked me to do what Clara Moore asked me to do."

"Apparently Aunt Clara was white underneath all the other stuff."

"Your aunt Clara's way of doing things was absurd, legally and otherwise," Arthur said. "I might die before she did, I might destroy the letter or never do what it tells me to do; that is, I might keep the money. Fortunately that water is over the dam, now; you get the money, no matter what happens to me. You get it even if I don't get it from your aunt Clara."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I drew a codicil to my will last night, had it witnessed this morning by the Misses Green—no, they don't know what is in it—and I sent it back to the bank in Philadelphia by the messenger who came with the copy of the will and your aunt Clara's letter to me. I told you things would turn out all right."

"I wonder if they have. I'm not sure, I can't seem to think clearly. I'm not sure I trust you any more."

"There's no reason for trusting me any more, is there?" he asked.

There were tears in her eyes. She gazed at him through them. She searched with trembling fingers for a handkerchief and did not find one. He took his from his pocket, gave it to her, and she mopped up the tears, and when that was done she almost smiled.

"Tears are great things," she said. "I feel much better. What a contradictory old woman Aunt Clara was, narrow-minded and broad-minded, cruel and generous. I'm too confused to think what it all means."

"Too confused to tell me whether this is a good time for me to ask you to marry me?"

"As good as any," she said.

"Then I do, now. I love you. You know it—you've known it for—I wonder if you've known it for two years."

"I have not known it; I haven't even suspected it. I told you not to."

"I have disobeyed you. I love you. You know it now, if you believe me."

"I told you that some women can fool most men."

He laughed. "You haven't fooled me."

"Do I love you? You don't know; you don't even know whether I really like you. A woman's a dunce who can't fool a man. Even those tears of mine may have been faked."

"I don't think so."

"But you don't know. I do. I know I've fooled you, played with you. I'm sorry; I wish I hadn't. I've been the fool. I'm not even a decent woman. I took that will."

He was very close to her; he put his arm around her shoulders and drew her to him. She resisted so that it required all his strength to hold her.

"Say that again," he demanded.

"I took the will." She said it slowly, definitely.

"You did not."

"I did! I saw it in the coat. I took it; the coat fell off the railing when I took it."

"You did not."

"I did. I went upstairs to the attic and dropped it down the hole in the floor under the eaves; they'll have to tear the house down to find it."

"You did not."

"How do you know I didn't?"

"I know you." His words had a finality in them that even she could not avoid.

Even his strength could not hold her. She broke away and sprang to her feet and faced him.

"I took that will and hid it. I did it so quickly that it was all done before I realized what I had done." Her face was grave, her eyes flashed. "It's too late now, it's done. I'm that kind of woman."

He smiled at her. "You did not," he said. "You are completely and utterly a good woman and not a very good actress. You see I know you."

She stared hard at him for a moment. "Can't I make you believe that I'm telling you the truth now? What must I do or say to make you believe it?"

"Nothing on earth can make me believe you took the will."

His eyes met hers and held them for an instant. Then, so quickly that she was helpless, he took her in his arms.

"I love you."

"You wouldn't if you really knew me."

"I do know you."

"If you're as sure of me as that—I—I—I'll just have to trust to Heaven that the house is never torn down."

"You do love me!"

"I told you that I needed a job. You're offering me a good one, aren't you? I'd be silly to refuse."

"Do you love me?"

"Do you remember when I wouldn't let you kiss me, two years ago?" And then, before he could answer, "You're not marrying me for my money, are you?"

"Yes—only that, you little devil," he said, and that was the last word either of them spoke for a long time.

IT WAS long past supper-time when they reached The Pines. Miss Martha Green met them.

"Where have you two been all day?" she exclaimed. "They found the will."

"Good heavens, did the house fall down?" Edith's voice had horror in it.

"Why should the house fall down?" Miss Green's thoughts were momentarily confused, but she immediately collected them and came back to the main issue. "Found it in the puppy's kennel next door to the Moores', and the wallet too. The wallet's chewed to pieces, but the will's not hurt much, so they say."



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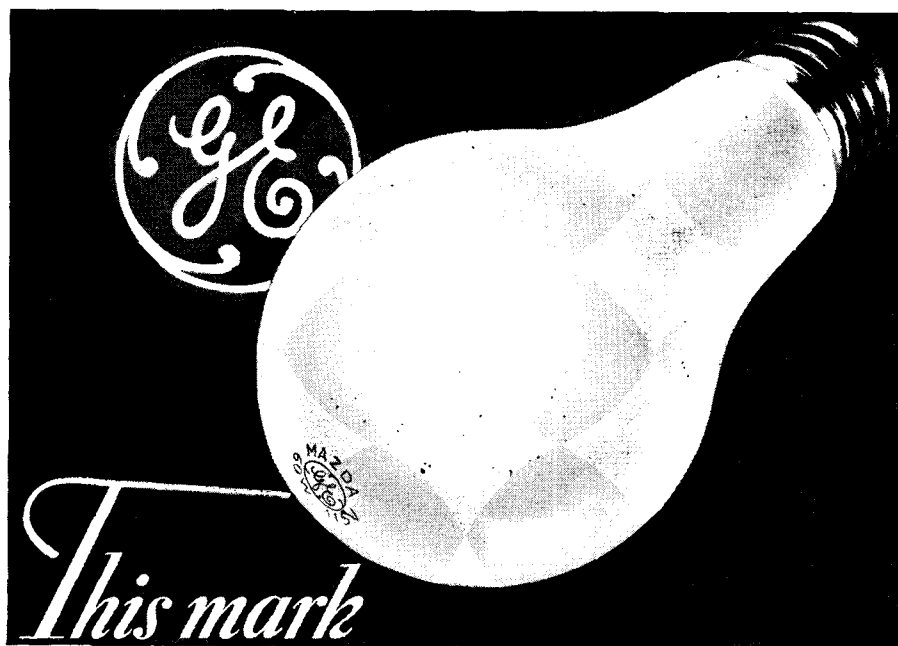
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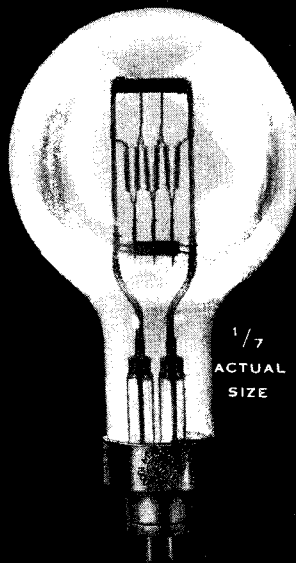
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The House You Want

Continued from page 20

make friends with her house. And to do this she mustn't treat it too cavalierly or too tenderly. All of us have seen lovely old houses that have been so altered as to lose every trace of the charm for which their owners bought them. And most of us have stayed in places that appealed to the eye at the expense of efficiency and convenience. The safe rule, taking it by and large, is to leave the exterior as much alone as possible (unless it has been remodeled at an in-between period) and to make only such alterations inside as are dictated by the change in living conditions. Even this rule, of course, has its exceptions, because old-time architects had their lapses, even as architects today.

Making the Old House Work

To be a good investment, a house should work, says Mr. Held, out of his fivefold experience, not as our ancestors thought it should, but as we demand that a house work under modern conditions. For example, step-saving wasn't important in those days of many servants. Holkham Hall in England has a kitchen two hundred feet from the dining-room, but even roller skates would not keep help in a house today where the distance was a fifth of that. Servants' quarters in many old American houses are small, dark and bathroomless; laundries are inadequate. Early houses may be stuffy due to insufficient window space, later houses drafty unless weather-stripped throughout. No matter how picturesque such arrangements may be, the wise remodeler will never become so hipped on the past as to mortgage her own future. She'll also see that her floors are such as can easily be kept clean, that her bathrooms open from their respective bedrooms, that closets are installed in houses formerly depending on wardrobes and that each closet is lighted. Floor plugs will be plentiful and placed in relation to the furniture groups planned. At least one outlet in every room will be on a wall switch. Hall lights on all floors will be on both upstairs and downstairs switches.

Some old houses have been partially modernized along workability lines before they fall into their present owner's hands, but this is usually more of a handicap than an advantage, because the newcomers may be lured into leaving things as they are. Such was the case in Mr. Held's Number Two house. The plumbing installed thirty years ago still worked. But you couldn't get a bath if the laundress was drawing water in the basement, and all the toilets thundered in the living-room. One day the sewer backed up into the coal cellar, and that was a lot of fun. Now his earnest advice is to check over all heating and plumbing equipment first, and rip out anything that doesn't come up to modern scratch. A house begun around plumbing and heating that come in the jewelry class is a house that has built its foundations on a rock. Economize on something else if you have to. But don't tell your architect to cut the estimate on essentials.

By all means consider concealed radiation. Radiators can be swung from the basement ceiling, with grilles above, or let into the wall. In the dining-room they might stand in mirrored cupboards, properly equipped for circulation of heat. Nothing is more necessary than a radiator, but nothing makes furniture harder to arrange than one that sticks out. Such a solution of the problem is equally to be commended to

the attention of those who build instead of merely altering.

For alterers is the notion of a bathroom floor in rubber tile instead of the usual kind that needs special grounding, and, incidentally, the rubber is warmer and softer to the foot. For anybody who likes to economize, without advertising the fact, is the bathtub that is porcelain inside and across a wide rolled edge, but unfinished from there down. This tub, mirrored outside above a wooden baseboard, costs less than the usual exhibit and looks quite as smart.

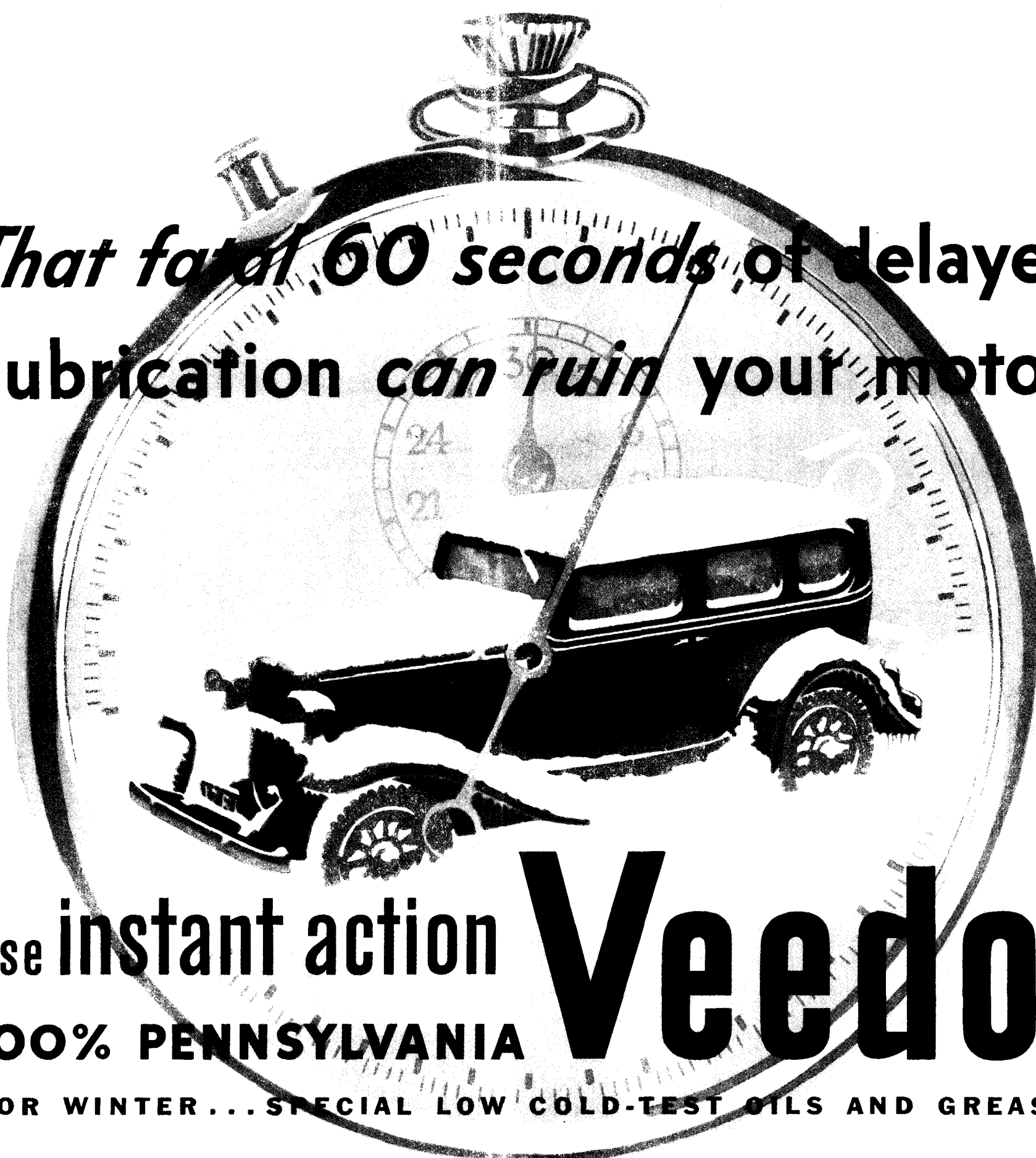
So far we haven't thought of the furniture that is to go into the house except to see that the electric outlets are arranged conveniently. But there are other stitch-in-time thoughts. If you own heavy chandeliers, mirrors or pictures for which special provision should be made, the time to remember them is when the house is being torn up, so that a steel plate can be clamped across three beams for the chandelier and special grounds or supports can be put up for the mirrors and the pictures. If your desk won't go between the library doors—which don't quite line up anyway—one of the doors can be moved. This isn't a major operation; it cost me just fifteen dollars.

While the carpenters are in the house, conventional furniture may be supplemented with home-grown contrivances planned to do until the budget expands. A plain round pine table to go in the dining-room bay, covered with a draped cloth, if the sideboard is still in the future. A frame into which a box spring and mattress will fit, for one of the bedrooms that can't as yet afford orthodox equipment. Two columns with wooden underpinnings, mirror tops and sides of composition board covered in black marble paper, to serve as bedside tables.

Charm Out of Doors

But an old house is never finished when the inside is done. Half the charm lies in the grounds. Here is the province of the tree surgeon, to prolong the lives of great old oaks, silvery beeches, even pines that stand like sentinels against the winter sky—trees you couldn't buy for thousands. Some must come down because they haven't had these ministrations earlier—and others must grow in their stead. Ten-foot willows for the price of a couple of pairs of gloves. Evergreens to serve as living Christmas trees that will still be there when Junior is gray-headed. Flowering shrubs to screen the dog run. Ivy and clematis and Virginia creeper to reinforce the vines that now clamber up the old red walls. When spring comes, there'll be grading and seeding and sodding, and the lilacs, tall as trees beside the kitchen window, will be covered in purple mist and drowned in fragrance.

Patience, imagination and daring. It took all three to make the old America that grew up along the sea, finding happiness in carving out a new world, climbing the mountains and spreading over the plains to meet the farther ocean. Perhaps we children of the pioneers have taken life too smugly in our cities. Perhaps we're coming back to realize that only by the vigorous exercise of these same qualities can happiness be attained at any time. It's never given. It can't be bought. The things we have to keep are those we earn the right to call our own by putting into them our very selves. Is it too fanciful to think old houses know this and can pass it on?

A large pocket watch is the central visual element. The watch face is visible, with a smaller sub-dial at the 12 o'clock position. Inside the watch face, a vintage car is depicted driving from left to right, kicking up a cloud of snow or dust. The watch has a classic design with a crown and two loops at the top.

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A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT



Doesn't he know that "TUMS" end fussy stomach

ACID INDIGESTION...HEARTBURN...SOUR STOMACH?

"STEAK and onions for me," somebody said. Then the whole crowd, almost with one voice, chimed in: "That's what I want—make it steak and onions all around." All except one of the group—Elmer Rixon. Elmer called the waiter back and in a subdued voice said, "Bring me just some milk and graham crackers."

Unlucky Elmer. If there's one thing he really likes, it's a juicy steak smothered with onions. But it's one of the things that upset his stomach—give him a sour, burning sensation. Heartburn, he calls it. Coffee and a number of other things create the same unpleasant sensation. So he has to listen to the kidding of his friends about his "Fussy Stomach" while he sees them eat the food he craves.

What a pleasant surprise there is in store for Elmer—and thousands of others—when they learn about Tums, the new candy-like antacid mint that quickly counteracts acid indigestion

—heartburn, sour stomach, and nauseating gas. You simply munch 3 or 4 Tums after meals or whenever trouble arises. You'll be amazed how quickly excess acid is neutralized, "Fussy Stomach" relieved.

"Top off" your meals with Tums—discover the pleasure of eating your favorite foods without the fear of bad after-effects.

If coffee keeps you awake or you have trouble sleeping, eat 2 or 3 Tums after your evening meal or before going to bed. See how much better you sleep when Tums have counteracted the acid and gas that torture your nerves and make you restless. No need to give up coffee. Yet no bed tossing. Instead, untroubled sleep.

Tums are so agreeable, refreshing and convenient that you will want to carry a roll with you always, in pocket or purse. Get a roll of Tums today at any drug store. They are only 10 cents.



Free

Beautiful 1933 calendar-thermometer. Also samples of TUMS. Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 6-M, ST. LOUIS, MO.



If it isn't Booze, it's Something Else

Continued from page 8

they would not turn the control of their union bank accounts over to racketeers, at the demand of some bugaboo.

It was necessary for me to go directly to the head of Chicago's Secret Six, Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, to secure my credentials.

"Yes," said Colonel Randolph, "if you see and talk with Steve you'll soon discover just exactly what's going on in this town. There you'll see how the racket, as we call it, is planning a tyranny that is worse than any monarchy; worse than the Russian oligarchy. We're all rallying around old Uncle Steve Sumner because he's a fighting brave and for our own sakes we can't let him lose."

A Modern Knight's Armor

He telephoned to Steve's fort that I was coming. Someone at the other end of the wire wished to know the exact hour of my arrival, who I was and what I wanted.

It was as difficult as getting to the front during the Great War. Credentials had to be perfect.

"Send him out, Colonel," said Steve at last.

I grabbed the first taxi that came along.

Two-twenty South Ashland Boulevard is Steve's address.

There, in a big house, on a fine old street lined with big houses and sweeping lawns dotted with many shrubs and flowers, Steve Sumner is making his stand.

As we drove up I saw groups of men on the lawns and porches of two houses. One was the Sumner house. The other house, across the street, was a special police headquarters, rented for use during Steve's crisis and established solely to protect Steve's person and perhaps his life.

In that house across the street Chief of Police Shoemaker has established a troop of his youngest and most daring marksmen. They have machine guns, motor cars, shielded motorcycles, bombs and all the equipment of gang or anti-gang warfare.

Any one of a dozen buttons in the five steel-walled rooms occupied by the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union will set the alarms ringing in the special police headquarters. I asked the taxi driver to wait for me, as I started up the footwalk across the lawn toward Steve's big house. I noticed that men in the groups on both sides of the street were looking at me. I felt unpleasantly conspicuous.

Men on the lawn and the sidewalk, I noticed, forced me to walk around them. At the doorway two men blocked the entrance.

"Who do you want to see?" one of them asked, gruffly.

"Steve Sumner," I said.

"Well, what in hell do you mean by coming up here in that kind of a taxi?" he demanded.

"What's the matter with the taxi?" I asked.

"You a stranger in this town?"

"Well, there are a lot of things I don't know about Chicago."

"Buddy, you better run out and pay that guy off. He's a scab."

Two or three men were talking to the taxi driver as I returned to him; talking unpleasantly, too.

"You're in front of Steve Sumner's fort," I explained to the astonished taxi man as I paid him off.

"Yes, and beat it in a hurry, too, before you get a brick," said someone.

The rear tires whirled on the pavement, as the taxi man put on his power.

Steve! Fat, short, round-faced, smiling; coatless and vestless, in an ordinary blue shirt. His pants were baggy. The belt around his rotund middle was old. His shoes were far from new. He isn't by any means the type of slick labor union leader that I had expected to see. It was easy enough, at his first handshake and greeting, to see why Chicago has for many years called him "Uncle Steve."

"Hello, kid," he said to me. "Welcome to the fort. You're as safe here as you are at home. They've got police machine-gun squads across the street and we've got police machine guns here in every room."

"And what's more, we've got orders to kill the first bugaboo that tries to put his foot in this place."

"But what's it all about?" I asked.

"I'll tell you before you go," said Steve, "but first I want you to see how we're fixed up." He took me to a rear room where, on a table, were several sheets of steel, all of which had been more or less dented by machine-gun fire.

"Here's the steel we chose," he said. "All of the walls of these five rooms except the outside ones are lined with it. The outside walls are brick." The steel plate he showed me had been marked by bullets.

"And here's what we put over the windows."

He handed me a square of steel-wire screen. There were bullets in it; they had, during the police tests, almost entirely penetrated it.

"We didn't think one thickness of that was enough, so you see we put up a double thickness at every window."

True enough; the lower half of each of the high, old-fashioned windows, which reached down to the floor, was covered with this doubled steel screen.

"And now let's look at the doors."

These doors, which separated each room, were of sheet steel. There was a speakeasy lookout shutter at eye-level in each door. But as I raised a shutter I looked through a curiously dull glass window.

"That's bullet-proof glass," explained the beleaguered man. He showed me a sample of it. A bullet had powdered a slight dent in it but the glass had not cracked and had stopped the missile, with fully half an inch of glass to spare.

At Death's Door

Below the speakeasy shutter there was another circular aperture in each door, about two and a half inches in diameter. There was no glass in this, but a little steel trapdoor that opened outward.

This smaller hole was at the level of a man's heart. One could stand at the door, look a man straight in the eye through the heavy glass, and put a bullet into his heart through the little porthole.

I put a finger into the porthole. It was lined, I think, with a sound-deadening leather; so was the inside of the little trapdoor. A man outside could not hear any careless touch of gun against steel if a weapon were hurriedly thrust through the hole.

"What's all this about?" I asked Steve.

Here's his amazing story, verified by the police, by the district attorney and by the various law-enforcing agencies of the city. Read it—and see if, under such circumstances, you too would not

plan to get behind fortifications of some sort if you could.

"You are in the headquarters," said Steve, "of Milk Wagon Drivers' Union, Local 753, International American Federation of Labor. Upstairs, over this room, are the headquarters of the Truck Drivers' Union of Chicago.

"I helped to organize this Milk Wagon Drivers' Union, over thirty years ago. There are 7,200 members of our union. It's one of the best unions in Chicago. The real job of a union is not to fight with employers but to come to satisfactory and permanent terms with them, and that's what we have done. There are 140 milk dealers and our union members handle their 2,500 milk wagons.

Steve's Two Visitors

"Everything has been going along smoothly for years. The army of milk-wagon drivers which carried milk to Chicago homes during the dark morning hours was made up of happy and contented men. Some of them received as high as fifty dollars a week. The delivery of milk was completely unionized in Chicago.

"Each member of our union paid into our treasury the sum of six dollars a month, or seventy-two dollars a year. That may seem like a large sum, but out of that fund we paid benefits for sickness, unemployment and other troubles that come to working people. Even now," said Steve, "I'm signing benefit checks for over ten thousand dollars a month for members who are in trouble.

"You can see we take in almost half a million dollars a year.

"Well, all of a sudden, some weeks ago, we noticed that outsiders were mixing in among the men, here at headquarters. One day I counted as many as nine men known to be gangsters in the building at one time.

"And then, one day, I had a visit from two men. One of them told me he was 'So-and-so.' Steve named the man who has been previously mentioned in this article. "The other one said he was 'Such-and-such,' who had married Al Capone's sister. Of course, I don't know whether they told me the truth or not. I didn't know them by sight. But results followed anyhow.

"The fellow who said he was 'So-and-so,' sat in that chair over there, and the other man sat there. I could see their guns, protruding from under their shoulder blades.

"They offered me one hundred thousand dollars in cash to get out and let them have the union. They wanted to put their own men into office.

"I saw I was in a jam, so I sort of joked with them.

"Look here," I said, "if I take your offer, I'll just go over to the bank and draw out all the union money and beat it, because the union members would kill me just as quick for taking your one hundred grand as they would for emptying the treasury."

"Nix! Nix!" one of them said. "If you take our dough you'll have to leave the money in the bank. That's one of the things we want."

I asked Steve whether the union had more than one hundred thousand dollars in the bank.

"Why, those fellows would have paid me one hundred thousand dollars and then could have gone over to the bank and taken out that sum from our account and put it right back in their own pockets.

"I stalled the boys along and told them I'd think it over and they told me I'd better hurry. As soon as they went I told the chief of police and everybody else in authority in this town what had happened and the chief immediately es-

tablished that special police headquarters over across the street.

"And we called in the expert who put up these steel walls and doors and screens."

In the meantime Paddy Burrell, secretary-treasurer of the Truck Drivers' Union, who had said "no" to the bugaboos when they had made him an offer to turn the union, with its funds, over to them, was taken for a ride and shot to death.

And, a bit later, Steve got a message saying that R. G. Fitchie had been kidnapped. That was a signal that the bugaboo had meant business.

"Send us fifty thousand dollars," said the kidnappers. Fitchie was Steve Sumner's closest associate in the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union. He is the president of the union.

Sumner again notified the police and members of the Secret Six. A night meeting was held of various representatives of the vigilante bodies in the town, together with police officials.

This amazing decision was reached: "These fellows are not bluffing. The Milk Wagon Drivers had better pay the fifty thousand dollars."

"So," continued Sumner, "I began to dicker with the kidnappers about how to get the money to them. And I followed their instructions." This is what happened:

Sumner put a package of fifty thousand dollars in bills on the back seat of his car, covering it with a cloth. The hour was about 3:30 in the afternoon. As he left the union headquarters, three strange cars followed him, for the kidnappers, in the negotiations, had promised him that they would "protect" the money from other thieves from the time it left headquarters until it fell into their own hands.

Sumner got a signal from a following car to stop directly in front of a public school. It was closing hour. Children were pouring out through the doors, across the school yard and along the sidewalks. Sumner got out of the car and walked away from it. School children were all about him. The three cars stopped and a man got out from each car.

Hiding Behind Children

"Two of the men," Steve told me, "were carrying banjos under their coats, I think." "Banjo" is a new name for a sub-machine gun. "The third man went to my car, opened the rear door, took the package of money and they all went back to their cars and hurried away. All this was done in the midst of hundreds of school children. If the police had been there to fight it out with the gangsters, they couldn't have fired a shot without killing some child."

President Fitchie returned to his home that night. The men had treated him decently. "But," he told Steve, "I'm sure they'd have killed me if the money hadn't been delivered."

Fitchie, today, is a shaken man. "But we'll get him on his feet and back to headquarters again, before long," Steve told me, smiling.

Steve Sumner's union is one union in Chicago that is holding out against the seizure of almost all unions by "syndicates" which got their first footholds in power through prohibition.

Gangsters have gone so far as to "pack" meetings of union members and control the election of officials, putting their own men into offices. These men are frequently utter strangers to all members of the union.

Squads of police these days guard many elections of union officials.

Not a week goes by in Chicago that does not see a conference of employers, in some industry or other, held to dis-

(Continued on page 36)

\$250 a Month for Life!

The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan

THIS new Retirement Income Plan enables you to retire at 55, 60, or 65 with a monthly income of \$100, \$250, \$300 or more.

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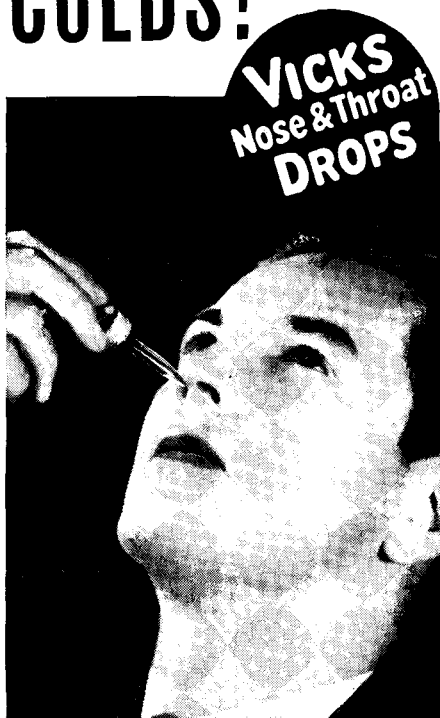
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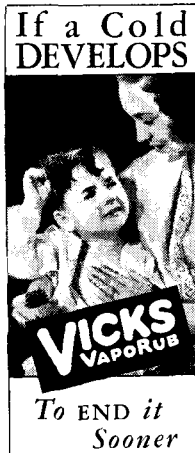
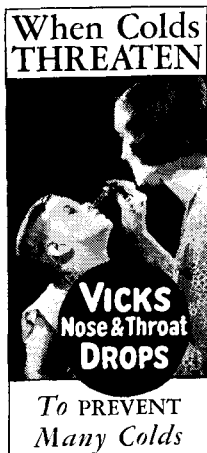
BY THE MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB

Want fewer colds
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The instant you feel a cold coming on use Vicks Nose Drops. Especially designed for the nose and throat, they promptly soothe irritation. They help Nature fight the threatening infection. They prevent the development of many colds.

If a cold has developed—at bedtime use Vicks VapoRub—the external standby in *treating* colds. Its direct double-action brings quicker, surer relief.

Together with certain simple rules of health, these two Vicks preparations form Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. In thousands of clinical tests last year, this Plan cut the *number* and *duration* of colds by half—and their *costs* even more. Enjoy its remarkable savings, as millions are doing. Follow Vicks Plan, as described in each Vicks package.



FOR BETTER CONTROL-OF-COLDS

(Continued from page 35)

cuss means of meeting the ultimatums of some so-called unions.

These conferences, of course, are not open to the press.

"I wish you could have heard," Colonel Robert Isham Randolph, head of the Secret Six, told me, "a conference of about one hundred and fifty of our leading merchants in one of our hotels the other night. A so-called union of window decorators has arisen and is making demands on all the great storekeepers, including the chains, in the city."

Men, visiting private storekeepers, as well as the office headquarters of the great chain stores, demand that the card of "Union Decorators" be placed in each store window.

Two Types of Union

The merchant who complies with this demand must permit his window decorator to join the union. And the next step of union officials, it is said by merchants, is to insist that all the clerks in a store be unionized because a union decorator cannot be allowed to work in a non-union store. The shadowland between real unionism in Chicago and between gangsterized unionism and industry is growing wider and darker as the days go by. In such a case as the above, it is difficult for merchants to know whether they are dealing with a real union, founded on the lines of the American Federation of Labor, or whether the "union" is an organization of gangsters. In the latter event no merchant's window will be safe from bricks, or, more likely, bombs, unless the card is in his window. And the card will cost him many dollars a year.

What's union and what's racket, is the business man's problem in Chicago. Consider how, as a business man seeking safety for your show windows, you would work your way out of the problem in regard to window decorators. I secured this statement concerning conflicting decorators' unions now making demands on Chicago stores from E. N. Nockels, of the Chicago Federation of Labor:

"Window Trimmers and Decorators' Union, Local 701, was chartered by Retail Clerks' International Protective Association."

"The Chicago Window Trimmers' and General Display Men's Union 106 was chartered through Organizer John Fitzpatrick of the American Federation of Labor by the Upholsterers', Carpet and Linoleum Mechanics' International Union of North America. Both are chartered by the American Federation of Labor and the jurisdictional question in dispute is now a matter of official inquiry."

But what's a merchant, with show windows, to do in the meantime? No one accuses the American Federation of Labor unions in Chicago of using bombs and machine guns, but how can a business man tell when a union unit of this established federation has been seized by gangsters and goes out on its own, independently of the federation, to hold up the town?

The gangster-seized union usually decides, as a first measure, that its members will accept cuts in wages. This suggestion not infrequently appeals to employers and it cannot be denied that the employers in more than one industry in that town have been willing, at times, to accept the aid of gangsters and syndicates in business disputes. But it is not long before the officials of the union begin to make demands on employers. One "union," after cutting wages of its helpless members, to the delight of employers, next astounded those same employers by proposing to levy a tax of one dollar a

week on every truck or conveyance used in the industry. Thus the money that employers might save by a cut in wages would be lost by paying the one-dollar-a-week tax.

In this way the "gangsterized union" gets its clutches on both the worker and the employer and takes tribute from both, as well as from the general public.

Make no mistake, business men in Chicago are not blameless for this new development. Very early, before he saw where his actions were leading him, the business man who felt he needed "outside help" was not unwilling to enter into business deals, especially those having to do with business competition, that involved the use of gangsters.

The "collusive-agreement racket" is the name that has been given by students of the Chicago situation to what is now going on in the business life of that city.

"This collusive-agreement racket," Colonel Randolph told me, "is comprised of four elements. The first element is the business man, or association of business men. Second, the leader or leaders of organized labor. Third, the criminal underworld. Fourth, the politician." Colonel Randolph says that the business man fits into the picture as follows:

"He seeks to create and maintain for himself and a favored few a monopoly in his particular field of service or trade. He seeks, through the pressure that can be brought by politicians in the misapplication of the law and through the withdrawal or withholding of labor by union leaders, to embarrass his competitors to the point that they will either recognize and abide by racket rules and edicts or quit the field of competition. He seeks to maintain a high and often artificial price for his commodity or service through forcing universal recognition of his particular notion of what constitutes a commodity price. He seeks to dictate the enactment or application of laws that govern his business."

"The leader of organized labor seeks first a monopoly of control over the workmen engaged in a given trade. This insures to his union the dues of all men of that trade, or a situation by which he may dispense the right to work under the permit system at so much per man per day."

"Moreover, it enables him to manipulate his man-forces to the advantage of his co-conspirators, the business man or the politician, or both, or to the discomfort of business men exercising independence of the racket."

How Shall We Return?

"The politician in paralyzing the hand of the law is, of course, looking to campaign contributions and votes at election time and occasional participation in the profits of the conspiracy."

"The criminal underworld finds it lucrative employment to bomb, to commit arson, to slug, maim and kill; to terrorize an entire community into staying away from the polls at election time."

"In short, this collusive-agreement racket may be described as a combination of business, labor unionism, politics and the criminal underworld that is running the whole gamut of crime, the purpose of which is exploitation through circumscribing the right to work and do business."

"It is an astounding fact that at one time in Chicago there were 163 rackets of the character described. This means, of course, that at least that many lines of human endeavor were being operated by and through conspiracy."

"That number is happily not so great today because of recognition of the evil by a militant group of citizens and, lat-

terly, rather better law enforcement."

"Collusive rackets" have existed in Chicago for at least ten years.

"How shall we return?" This question is asked by Gordon L. Hostetter, director of the Employers' Association, in a statement issued to Chicago business men. His answer goes not for Chicago alone, but for most of America:

"By recognizing, first of all, that crime in various forms has crept into the philosophy of American life today and must be rooted out—from fixing traffic tickets through the whole gamut of racketeering to the farthest reaches of fraudulent finance. Gangsterized industry is a typical development of the picture, but it is a symptom, and not the disease. It could not appear on the business surface without poisonous infection at work below. The infection, the real disease, is the fact that we have shirked our responsibilities as citizens."

"We are awakening to a humiliating discovery—that our folly has delivered us to the hoodlum, his lawyer and his political alliances. We have paid the price of greed by delegating our responsibilities, delivering our freedom, to a group of people professionally interested in electing their own kind to public office, or electing those amenable to their control. If we get a governor in any state whose previous record in public office was a stench in the nostrils of decency, if our cities get mayors whose money is apparently a gift from Santa Claus, if we get public prosecutors whose staffs all belong to the Order of the Chisel, if we get state legislators whose motto is "Public Office is Public Plunder," we get only what we ourselves have invited by our supineness, cupidity or cowardice."

Saving the Union

The embattled Steve Sumner, brave enough to say to the gangsters, "I'm only an old man, but you'll have to kill me to get control of this union," is a rallying figure for the vigilante element among Chicago's citizens.

If they kill Steve Sumner, in Chicago, the chances are that, even then, on account of the public attention which his unprecedented challenge to the gangsters has attracted, the gangsters will be unable to get control of this half-million-dollar-a-year union. And that will be one union that won't be gangsterized.

Steve signs the checks of the union—together with President Fitchie; that's true. But the banks that carry the funds of the Milk Drivers' Union have also been put on guard.

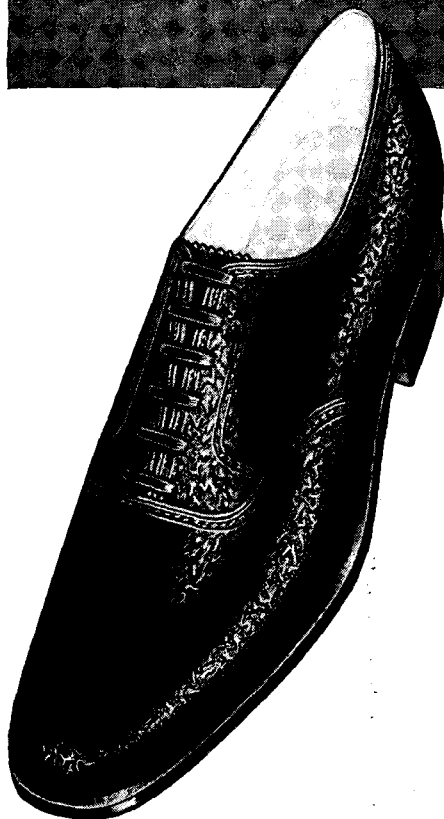
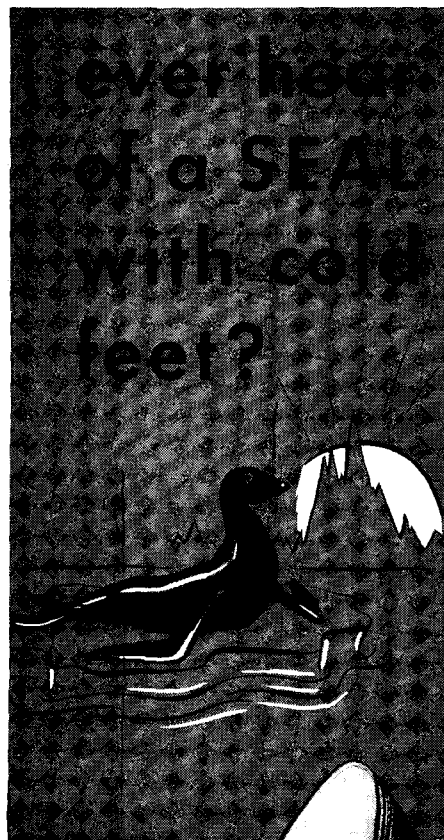
The man or men who try signing checks of the union—if Steve is killed—will have to prove their right to do so.

Guarded at his home as he sleeps, guarded—in the armored car formerly used by Samuel Insull, former public utilities magnate, for which the union paid \$2,100—as he moves between home and office, and guarded, as we have seen, at his office, Steve Sumner may save his union.

But delivering milk is a lonely job, performed in the dark hours of the early morning.

Another way of either seizing or destroying the Milk Drivers' Union is to threaten or even to injure all drivers who do not carry the card of some union which the gangsters favor. Almost any stop of a milkman, on his morning delivery, might prove to be his "spot."

This whole situation, typifying in high lights what is happening in more than one city in the United States these days, is worth watching. It will be incredible if American children cannot drink their milk unless it bears the mark of that beast, the American gangster.



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(Continued from page 37)

looking at the scenes he had photographed in Azeppa Valley, looking at them in the orderly calm of the projection-room, decided that his picture play lacked certain definite touches. There were to be noticed artistic lapses and holes. The story required further scenes, especially scenes containing Nancy and her children, Abraham and Aaron.

Those hairy actors were firmly in the story. They scampered through early Saharan scenes, and were up prominently in the eye of the camera, along with their physical peculiarities, which could be seen with great clearness. Nancy had an irregular white spot on her stomach and side. Oddly enough, Aaron and Abraham were similarly spotted. Wherefore, Mr. Brush and his cameramen were not at liberty to procure and use just any goats at all. They required the Denny goats.

"WHAT will we do about it?" asked Bobby.

"You will go out and get me some goats that look like these illuminated animals," replied Brush, using a bad word. "And step on it. We cannot hold up our motion picture forever, waiting for goats."

That day began one of the most comprehensive goat hunts in movie annals, and Mr. Bobby Hoffman all but fretted himself into a nervous decline. A hundred-thousand-dollar enterprise was finished and ready to become commercial property—all but a few goat scenes. Bobby and his helpers roved here and there, running down rumors of goats. They did this and they did that and, meantime, Mr. Brush fumed and swore that he would never use a goat again as long as his art endured.

Goats poured into the studio and out again as their physical deficiencies were revealed. . . . Not any goats seemed to match up with the ones bleating on the Denny farm, and finally in desperation, artisans came with tins of paint and they tried painting spots on goats to achieve the desired similarity, and all without avail. The painted goats looked foolish. Mr. Brush was fit to be tied and Bobby Hoffman lost six pounds.

"There is nothing to it," the director said. "You will go back to Azeppa and get those goats from the woman. Don't show up in this studio without them. Pay anything they ask. I will only need the blankety things for one day, once I get them."

A worried Mr. Hoffman again rode into the north and again appeared upon the Denny farm, where Tom had long since concluded that his wife Anna was of unsound mind. She greeted the assistant director with a polite smile, standing on her front stoop, her hands wrapped in her apron. Tom stood beside her and Mr. Hoffman leaped out of his automobile and made a speech that would have moved a heart of stone. Anna heard him through and then explained that these were not ordinary goats, but more or less her heart's blood.

"Yes, but, Mrs. Denny," Bobby pleaded, "we won't hurt them. We will need them only one day, or maybe two. And we cannot take another step without them."

Anna remained obdurate and her husband wagged his chin nervously as the money offers enlarged. Bobby asked her if she was cold-blooded enough to send him back goatless to what was almost certain destruction.

"I don't want to make trouble for anyone," said Anna. "I'm just letting you know how I feel about it."

"Consider," cried Bobby Hoffman. "I will send up a special truck from Hollywood, a covered truck, like a parlor car,

with soft insides, and carry your goats in it. I will return them to you in the same vehicle. They will have a beautiful house, while in our studio. Mr. Denny can come along in the truck and guard the little animals. He can stay with them day and night, holding them in his arms. And I will pay you one hundred dollars a day for every day they are away from this farm."

At mention of the sum, Tom Denny turned a trifle white.

"That's fair enough, Anna," he said in a hoarse tone. "No harm can come to Nancy if I go with her. Can we have that in writing, mister—that about the hundred?"

"Certainly," cried the movie lad. "What do you say, Mrs. Denny?"

It was then that the timid wife gave in. With a special truck and Tom going along, there could scarcely be threat to the welfare of her pets, and the deed was consummated.

"Good enough," she said. "If you do as you say, you can have them, but only for a few days."

The delighted Hoffman returned to cinemaland at high speed, pausing only to wire ahead that he had the goats. Twelve hours later, a luxurious truck pulled out of the studio rear gate in the early dawn, roared up to Azeppa and the goats were loaded aboard, with food and water. Tom rode south with them, sitting on a kitchen chair.

Down in Hollywood, the precious beasties were carefully housed in a small house built for them by studio carpenters and Tom Denny lingered near by on a soap box, explaining to the inquisitive.

Director Brush dallied not a single moment, and on the day after they arrived, the goats were once more before the camera.

It was necessary that they be led here and there before the temple walls, as many goats and animals had been led before, and Director Brush made immediate decision. "I don't want any more trouble," he said to Bobby. "We had enough. Put a costume on that guy that owns them and let him lead them. I don't want any stranger monkeying with these goats. Would be like the woman to sue us."

Much to Tom's astonishment, they made him climb into sackcloth and look as much like a starving Arab as he could, and he was ordered to pace slowly hence and yon, a string in his hand and at the other end the valuable Nancy and her progeny.

SHOOTING of the extra scenes containing goats proceeded at a rapid pace, starting early in the morning, and before the day was ended Director Brush signified that he was content. The cashier's department made out a check payable to Mrs. Anna Denny for two days' goat hire, and the upholstered truck again backed up, loaded the goats and Keeper Denny and transported all safely to Azeppa. The incident was over.

"We're just lucky, that's all," Tom told his wife. "Go on down to the grocery store and pay off what we owe." He handed her the check and Anna spoke up:

"And you are the one who wanted to eat poor Nancy. What if you had?"

Down in the movie studio, the pleased Mr. Brush sat back in the darkness, looking at his fresh goat scenes, Bobby Hoffman at his right hand, company men lolling in the leather chairs of the projection-room, and a stenographer taking notes in the dim light. The door opened and in walked Mr. Samuel Sharka, who owns the entire studio and every stick in it. He had heard of Mr. Brush's extra shooting and wondered what sort of retake scenes would be worth a hundred a day for goats. He

came to see, as any careful studio owner might.

"Start at the beginning again," he ordered and Mr. Brush obediently pushed a button and the operator went back. As Nancy and Abraham and Aaron walked beside the temple walls and out upon the desert, Mr. Sharka was heard to rustle in his seat. He sat up, leaning toward the director.

"Who is that man?" he asked. "Leading the goat."

"Oh," said Brush. "That is the fellow who owns them. At least, his wife owns them. We had to be careful—"

"What is his name?" demanded the chief.

"Denny," spoke up young Bobby. "Mrs. Denny owns the goats."

"Is the man working for us?"

"No. He's just a farmer. He lives up there in Azeppa where we made the picture."

"Wait a minute," commanded Mr. Sharka and he arose and hurried out, returning presently with three trusted department heads.

"Begin it all over again," he said and once more Nancy walked, and Tom Denny walked with her. As the scenes sped by, Mr. Sharka talked in low tones with his associates.

"Turn on the lights," he said finally, and the room sprang into brilliance.

"DON'T you want to see the rest of the goat stuff?" asked Director Brush, slightly hurt.

"I do not. I don't give a curse about the goats. This Denny with a chin is a farmer, is he?"

"Yes, sir."

"And at present he is not working for this or any other studio?"

"No, sir."

"He isn't in the movies at all?"

"No, sir."

"Well, it's about time that somebody woke up. Didn't any bright soul among you notice the man's chin? Didn't it occur that a man with such a chin is a motion-picture find and is good for a laugh before he does or says anything? Go and get him quick before somebody else grabs him."

Mr. Brush said nothing, being astounded, and Bobby Hoffman spoke up: "Shall—shall I go up to Azeppa?"

"Certainly, go up there. Go tonight. And don't offer the man too much to start. Try him at fifty a week and see what he says."

"He will not say anything," said Bobby. "Because he will probably fall over dead. But I will do it."

Four days later, Tom Denny officially started his new job in a Hollywood studio at fifty dollars a week. He and Anna took a small flat at first, but when the rise in salary came along, they moved. Mr. Denny is now drawing down real money from the movies, and the fame of his chin is growing.

When they moved into the Imperial, Tom and Anna invited a few friends to the housewarming and among the guests was Bobby Hoffman. He wandered about, admiring this and that, and discovered the two garages.

"What for?" he asked. "You have only one car."

"That's right," said Tom.

"Then why?"

"Come on and see," said the man with the chin, and a small group wandered downstairs. When the doors swung back on the first garage, there stood the Denny motor. When it opened on the second, Mr. Hoffman expressed astonishment, for he was looking into a neat and perfect goat-house containing his old friends Nancy and Aaron and Abraham.

"She would bring 'em along," Tom explained.

"And why not?" asked Anna. "Where would we be without them?"

Enter Madame



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No Alibi

Continued from page 15

As he was bidding her good night at the door of her apartment, Johnnie Cole said:

"Lord, but I could stay and talk with you forever. You . . . you lift one's spirits up and up! But tomorrow's another day—another day of studies." And then he broke out with: "Your studying's all through! Me, I've still got the last year to go. A . . . a year yet."

"But the year will go swiftly," she said, eyes full on him. "Swiftly, and then you'll be out in the world, just smashing ahead, the way you always smashed. . . ."

Johnnie Cole, as though thinking of something else, said slowly: "I suppose so. I suppose so." Then, rousing, "Sure I will! Sure I will! Well, I'll see you tomorrow. Good night!"

LONG she stood in her apartment, thinking; this girl, this woman, who had thought of him for three long years; who had dreamed of him . . . loved him; standing there, trying . . . trying to find out what had happened to Johnnie Cole.

By the end of the week, like a rescuer cutting through to a beleaguered city, she was ready; ready, a little white about the mouth, with pain in her eyes; pain because of the pain that she would have to cause this man that she loved . . . this trapped, this beaten Johnnie.

"Let's talk," she said to Johnnie Cole. "Sure!" said Johnnie Cole.

For a moment she paused, gathering all her strength for what was to come. "Did that studying—did that putting on of glasses . . . was that what kept you from doing . . . other things?"

Johnnie Cole's mouth went open, as though he had been hit just below the ribs.

"Did it . . . did it keep you from playing football?"

Johnnie Cole was out of his chair; was striding toward her; and his face showed the pain. "Don't!" he cried.

Tears were in her eyes; brimming

tears. She fought them; fought them, plunged on. "I've got to—I've got to! It's the only way! The only way I can help you. Oh," and her hands were upon his arms and she was looking up at him, "where's the Johnnie that I once knew . . . the headlong Johnnie . . . my Johnnie?"

At which he gave a choked cry, and she could feel his whole great body give; then his arms were about her, his face was in her hair, and he was sobbing like a small, small boy.

"Tell me," she whispered. "Tell me." He told. Told from beginning to end. And then in that room there was silence.

Seated on the divan, she continued running fingers slowly through his hair. Woman—old as time, young as life—woman, with her fingers . . . healing . . . soothing . . . healing.

And finally Johnnie Cole said: "I've never told this to anyone; anyone."

Again there was silence. And now she spoke: "I'm the one . . . to have told it to."

He gripped her hand—the crushing grip of a grown man . . . the understanding grip of a small boy.

And then she was continuing, her voice the voice of one thinking of far-off things, bringing them nearer and nearer:

"I once read of a young fellow, somewhere in another part of the country, who just had to play football, and whose eyes . . . whose eyes had fought with him, as yours have. The coach made him a leather helmet, coming down low over his face, with lenses fitted in it; I saw a picture of him in it—something like a Roman gladiator he looked—and he went out. . . ."

She could feel his whole body stiffening, stiffening as she talked; and then she felt it go slack again. Then he was speaking.

"I had a helmet made like that," said Johnnie Cole. "Two years ago. I took it with me, and got as far as the door (Continued on page 40)



"I quit the Navy to get married—and my wife runs off with a sailor"

Gilbert Bundy

"COFFEE—OR SLEEP?"



HARK TO THIS PLEA FOR THE GUEST WHO IS KEPT AWAKE BY COFFEE!

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(Continued from page 39)

of Dave Nelson's office—Head Coach Dave Nelson he now was—and then . . . then I heard his voice inside, and I remembered . . . remembered a lot of happenings, and things." The voice of Johnnie Cole—the voice of one remembering far-off, forgotten things—changed harshly. "No-Alibi Nelson, and I was carrying an alibi in my hands! I never went inside the door."

He rose. "Let's . . . let's go out somewhere."

Jane Rowell rose also. "Exactly what I was going to suggest. Let's . . . go out somewhere."

Jane Rowell sat in the office of her uncle; her uncle, the attorney—and also a regent of the university.

"And so," she concluded, "I've come to you as my one chance; and I'm asking you to do this, for me. It isn't merely putting a player on the squad! Listen, Uncle. Football licked Johnnie Cole. Now, Johnnie Cole has got to lick football, or he's stopped . . . stopped right where he is, for the rest of his life. He's got to go in there and fight until he believes in himself once more, the way he used to. He's got to!"

"Hmm," said the uncle, and it could be seen that he was thinking swiftly.

"When you were young," said Jane Rowell, "did you ever go up against something where you just had to—"

The uncle interrupted, "It was of that . . . that I was thinking." He gave her an illumined smile and turned to the telephone. He spoke into it to his secretary. "Get me the office of the football coach at the university."

JOHNNIE COLE sat on a long side-line bench in the football stadium; Johnnie Cole, wearing a football uniform.

He sat leaning forward on a bench close-packed with others wearing football uniforms, and on the turf between his cleated shoes stood a leather bag—a bag containing a football helmet differing from ordinary helmets in that it came low over the face; it was like a gladiator's helmet, save that, instead of slits cut for the eyes, it was fitted with heavy optician's lenses—and all about Johnnie Cole there was a world in tumult.

The team was on the field. The opposing team was on the field. The two were lining up for the opening kick-off of the game that had annually been battled between these two rivals for forty years. From behind Johnnie Cole came the welling, deafening roar of his team's backers; from across the field the equally welling, deafening roar of the other's; two tidal waves of sound—the voices of eighty thousand—meeting, rising, rolling up and up above the thronged stadium and out and away and into the high, overhanging hills.

The game. Eleven men on the field, tense; facing eleven other men, equally tense; on both side-line benches, three times eleven men and more, leaning forward, tense as those on the field—tenser—watching, hoping, that sometime in that coming sixty minutes of play they too might be out upon that field.

Johnnie Cole, in football uniform, leaning forward, hoping. . . . Or was Johnnie Cole hoping?

Vision . . . vision had been his from the first day that he took the practice field wearing his helmet with the lenses. He saw! No guessing, no groping, no watching for players to fade away into mist. He saw!

Yet the wild exultation that should have been Johnnie Cole's was not his. Something, out of Johnnie Cole, was gone.

Fire was gone. Fire, in smashing ahead when carrying the ball; fire, in diving in to stop an attack. Memory,

bitter memory, had had its way too long with Johnnie Cole; remembrance of the hammering in that far-off freshman game; remembrance of the silent, solitary, thwarted years.

He became Third-string Fullback Johnnie Cole.

And now Third-string Fullback Cole sat on the long, crowded bench, a leather bag resting on the turf between his cleated shoes, and in his ears a world made up of sound.

The game.

Tumult dwindling . . . tensed hush of eighty thousand . . . shrill whirr of whistle . . . thump of foot on ball . . . shattering roar. . . .

The game was on.

AT THE beginning of the fourth quarter of that game, Johnnie Cole's team led by a touchdown, led seven to nothing. It had beaten back a veteran enemy every time that enemy threatened to score; and now, clicking with buck and pass and slash off tackle, it was moving up the field toward its second touchdown, toward assured victory. A lifting wave on wave of jubilation went up and up from its backers—victory, after years of waiting . . . one could feel it in the air!

And then, disaster. Disaster, gathering speed like an avalanche.

A pass, intercepted, and run back the length of the field. Touchdown. Try for point . . . missed. Kick-off . . . a fumble . . . and the ball recovered by the enemy. The enemy backs, veterans of four years' play together—they who had ground Johnnie Cole into the earth in that far-off freshman game—once more teaming up like a machine . . . replacements from Johnnie Cole's bench failing to stop them. . . . Second touchdown . . . a frantic smothering of the try for point. Kick-off again . . . and again a fumble. Wild pile-up of players . . . an untangling . . . and the ball—the ball still in possession of Johnnie Cole's team . . . on their own eight-yard line.

Time out, on that eight-yard line; somebody jammed up on the kick-off play. Trainer of Johnnie Cole's team on the field. Second-string fullback . . . knee out.

The tumult in the stands died to a strained murmur.

Coach Dave Nelson strode along in front of the battered occupants of the long bench; a white-faced, taut-faced Dave Nelson—victory in his hands, victory snatched away—striding along, looking, looking . . . and he stopped in front of his third-string fullback. His voice sounded, harshly:

"Cole! Helmet!"

JOHNNIE COLE was on his feet; was bending; was fumbling at the catch of the leather bag. The helmet was out . . . was being adjusted and taped by an assistant trainer.

"Listen!" Dave Nelson's voice came gratingly—victory in his hands and snatched away—"Get that ball up the field, somehow, to where Eddie can turn loose a pass! Get going!"

"Sure," said Johnnie Cole.

He reported to the referee. He swung into the huddle of his team. He heard the signal-caller giving the prearranged play for a crisis just like this . . . punt formation . . . fake punt . . . a smash inside tackle . . . Johnnie Cole swung into position—two yards behind his own goal line.

He set his cleats in the turf. He extended his hands. Johnnie Cole, fullback; the Johnnie Cole that should have been, the Johnnie Cole that now was. Clearly he saw them through the lenses of the gladiator's helmet—his own line, the enemy backs—the backs who had once ground him into the earth—and exultation coursed through and through him.



WILL SHE GIVE HIM

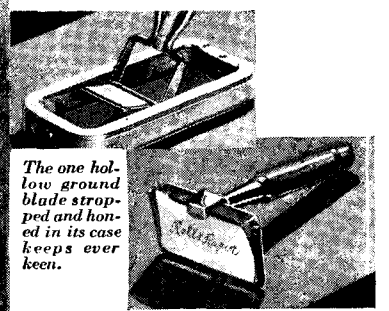
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ROLLS RAZOR

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The ball came. He had it—had it under his right arm—took one step forward, and then cut full and swift to the right. Stride . . . stride . . . stride . . . then he veered and cut in. Through! Somebody had blocked the defensive fullback . . . Johnnie Cole was in the open, going up the field.

The two halfbacks came at him. He side-stepped one, straight-armed the other.

The safety man came in at him from an angle, feinted his tackle . . . got him.

Twenty-five yards!

ROAR on roar from one half of the stadium. Stunned pipings from the other. And question . . . question everywhere: Who . . . who was this player? This man of the mask-like helmet . . . this Johnnie Cole?

Who was he? He was the thwarted years . . . thwarted no longer!

Huddle. "Gimme the ball every time," said Johnnie Cole. He was repeating Coach's orders.

Smash through guard . . . four yards. Smash off tackle . . . three yards. Through guard again . . . first down.

Roar and roar from half the stadium. And "Stop him!" from the other half.

Stop the thwarted years? Johnnie Cole went on and on. First down again . . . and middle of the field.

"Now . . . turn loose your pass!" said Johnnie Cole.

Pass . . . long . . . and the enemy flatfooted. Johnnie's end had it—no . . . juggled it on finger-tips . . . caught at it . . . and the enemy halfback, leaping, had it in a hand . . . was downed, downed, with it in his arms.

Groans from forty thousand; yell on yell of relief from the other forty. All over now! Only three minutes left. The big guy had tried, but . . .

The enemy made a play into the line; and a wild-man Johnnie Cole pile-drove into them and stopped them cold. They tried again, and the line and Johnnie Cole smashed them for a loss of two yards. Their kicker fell back into position.

A helmet-masked figure stepped into his own line. "Move over," he cried. "I'm going through!"

Johnnie Cole went. He leaped, arms up before face. Thump of ball on kicker's toe . . . thump of ball on Johnnie's arms. . . . Ball flying off through the air, sideways. Blocked!

Insane scramble. An unpling. A

player—Johnnie Cole's player—had the ball.

Shrieks of acclaim. . . . Huddle of Johnnie Cole's team. A masked player panting: "Nobody but me . . . from now on!"

Nobody but Johnnie Cole, from then on.

It was not modern football. It was the farthest thing from modern football. By all the tenets of the modern game it should have failed.

It didn't fail. It went on and on.

And now in that stadium there was nothing but sound. Sound, and eighty thousand pairs of eyes fixed on a ball-carrying figure in a mask-like helmet throwing himself . . . throwing himself ever forward. Sound . . . and a figure . . . and the moving hand of time. The great moving dial at one end of the stadium, moving . . . moving . . . to the close.

Importunings from eighty thousand; half, "Faster, faster!" to the figure; the other half, "Go on, go on!" to the dial. Man . . . against time.

Both figure and dial went on. Yards only, now . . . and seconds.

A crimsoned, battered Johnnie Cole went into his charge on that line. A pistol sounded.

He heard it. End of game! But . . . not the end of the game while he was still on his feet. . . . And he was ripping, tearing, battering his way. Caught at, tackled, swarmed over; the helmet, in one mighty wrench, torn off. . . . Blind. Blind again. For an instant he faltered. And then, like something no longer human, his legs found power. On . . . on . . . on. And then down, crashing down. . . . Done.

Players were pulled off him. In deafening tumult he was lifted to his feet.

"Over?" he asked.

"Five yards over," said a voice.

SOMEONE found his helmet for him. He put it on, and again the world was clear before him. A madhouse world of eighty thousand.

He wheeled away from his teammates and looked down one side line of the stadium; looked at the parapet back of his team's bench. Somewhere . . . somewhere. . . . His hands went up . . . high up . . . high above his head. The thwarted years . . . conquered.

And Jane Rowell, standing on that parapet, sobbing, saw his hands go up . . . saw them lifted high . . . to her.

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3 shades WHITER

in 3 days

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C. 11-32

The Great Abduction

Continued from page 18

"You're the President," she said. "And this man—if anything happened—why, we can't go to see him."

She reached impulsively forward, to tap on the glass and get the driver's attention. Brockridge restrained her.

"Going to rob me of the one bit of excitement I've had in years?" he chided her.

"But Cattrone can come to see you," she said. "He didn't want to. Said it might get in the papers and that he'd be murdered. But I can persuade him. I'm sure I can. Why, I must have been mad to think of taking you down to his speakeasy."

"And I'm probably mad to think of going," he chuckled. "In fact, I know I'm mad. But I never withdraw from anything I've started, Miss Dale."

"But at least we can stop and telephone your bodyguard. We can tell them where you are."

"Like a little boy that wanted to ride his bicycle without help, and when he got on it screamed for his nurse, eh? Miss Dale, I can ride this bicycle and I'm going to. And if—if your friend Cattrone can do ten per cent of what he promises, the result of my visit will be worth a slight risk, I think. Anyway, here we are at the corner."

THEY alighted and Brockridge paid the taximan. They started east, and Myrna felt her knees tremble. She pointed to a group of people gathered before a building in the middle of the block.

"We can't go on," she said. "There's a crowd there!"

Relief from sudden qualms of fear made her knees tremble even more violently.

Brockridge paused. From across the street and from either avenue that bounded the block people came running. And then the quiet Sunday night exploded into riot: the domineering roar of a patrol-wagon siren; the racket of motorcycles ridden by uniformed officers, and the sudden cries of people made noisy by other noise.

"No, I don't think we can," Brockridge agreed.

"It's Cattrone's place—that's where the crowd is," she said. "I wonder—"

"Let's not wonder," said Brockridge quietly. "Let's just get out of the neighborhood."

And now prudence, and common sense, and all those other sanities which a pretty girl, and a love of excitement, and a faint hope that good might come of it had made him abandon, came back to him. Some sort of brawl—tragedy, perhaps—had occurred in Cattrone's place. Among the gathering crowd, among the policemen, might be any number who would recognize the face of the President.

He took the girl's arm and wheeled her about. He kept an eye out for a taxi, but passed Eighth Avenue without seeing a vacant one. A man eyed him curiously as he passed. There was incredulity in his expression; nevertheless he slackened his pace. Out of the corner of his eye Brockridge saw him shrug, decide that his eyes were playing tricks on him, and move on.

But another pedestrian might be less incredulous, might know that he had not erred in recognizing the President. In a moment a crowd would gather. . . . He drew Myrna into a cigar store.

"Taxis seem scarce," he said, "and I think perhaps I'd better phone for one." "Mr. Meridew could send his car," said Myrna.

Brockridge smiled at her. Gone, for

the moment at least, was his mood toward her. The past few moments had restored that picture of himself, to himself, that Myrna had taken from him temporarily. He was not, save for his office, a glamorous figure that might easily attract a young girl. He was a middle-aged man, beyond the thrill of genuine romance.

The girl had instantly thought of Meridew when slight difficulty presented itself. That was illuminating.

"I think that would be best," said Brockridge. "He's discreet. And—the fewer who know of this adventure the better. I'll telephone him. You might even finish that—interrupted evening?"

She blushed faintly. Meridew had been absurd, but—perhaps there had been some justification. And Brockridge stepped into a booth and called Meridew's number. She heard him speak. She heard a loud voice break in on him. And then she saw Brockridge hang up. He stepped out of the booth and turned to her.

"Gangsters," he whispered. "And I heard a shot."

"A shot!" She went white.

"He told me to keep away. I wonder—"

"We've got to send him help—this minute. Call the police!"

"Call nobody," said a voice in the doorway. She turned and saw that three men had crossed the threshold and two more stood outside. Revolvers were in their hands, but their faces were much more terrifying than their weapons.

The weary clerk who had directed them to the telephone booth had delayed not a second in raising his hands. He stood behind his counter, frantic terror on his face.

Brockridge's hand went toward his right hip.

"Stop it," said the man who had spoken before. His thin lips were drawn back from his teeth. "The girl will get it sure if you make a move."

"Do you know—who this is?" gasped Myrna.

The thin-lipped man smiled.

"That's why we're here. Thought he'd be in the neighborhood; thought the gang outside Cattrone's would scare him off. And now, if you will just come quietly outside and step in my car—"

Brockridge stared at him.

"Of course, you know what you're doing?" he said quietly.

"Get moving," said the other.

"**Y**OU know who I am?" said Brockridge.

"You're just five million in the bank," said the leader. "Or else you're a corpse. You take your choice. Only—I'm telling you—if you fight it out—the girl gets hers first. And if you don't believe me—"

He lifted the pistol. He fired once and the clerk slumped across the counter. The killer grinned.

"He might guess who you were," he said. "And we'll keep this nice and quiet—unless you make it noisy." He menaced Myrna with the weapon. "Well, what is it? The cops will be here in a second. We've rubbed out Cattrone and this lad here. We'll make it two more now and blow, or—"

Brockridge hesitated only a moment. Alone, he would have gone for that weapon in his hip pocket, and another would have been added to the too long list of assassinated Presidents. He didn't fear death, never had feared it, and never would. But the thought of this lovely young girl, her slender body

riddled with bullets, her features distorted in violent death, was too much for him.

"We'll go," he said quietly.

Across the street frightened people, who had heard the shot that had killed the clerk, and who wondered if this second tragedy presaged a general slaughter, stared at the group. They saw a big man, whose features seemed vaguely familiar, hustled across the sidewalk. They saw a girl half carried into the car. They saw two men leap to the front seat and saw the rest crowd into the rear of the big limousine. And then the car leaped forward, and their view ended.

MYRNA, even in her terror, was able to appreciate the coolness of Brockridge. And she realized thoroughly that, had he been alone, had there been no woman there to be concerned about, he would have shot it out with his captors rather than submit to this humiliation.

In an agony of remorse she groaned. If she hadn't persuaded him to this trip, these events could never have happened. And as though he read her torturing thoughts, the thin-lipped leader spoke:

"You two keep quiet, just act nice and natural, and nothing will happen to you."

"You'd not dare let anything happen anyway," said Brockridge.

"No? Don't kid yourself, Mr. President. We planned this a long time. We were going to pull it next month when you went fishing. Had it all set. And then this wop Cattrone, as we're sitting around, gets a phone call and says you're on your way down to see him. And we just advance the date, that's all. We believe you're with the girl, but we can't believe you're coming down to Cattrone's. But maybe you are, see?"

"But suppose you change your mind? We phone her house. We learn she's at Meridew's. I send three men up there to get you. The rest of us decide to wait around Cattrone's. He objects, loses his nerve, gets out his gat—and we rub him out. And that makes a racket. We have to duck. But we spread out and hang around. If you come down here, the gang in front of Cattrone's may scare you away, but—we may have luck. And we had it."

"You heard of the man that stole the elephant?" asked Brockridge. His *sang-froid* amazed Myrna.

The thin-lipped man nodded.

"One of my pals said that very thing. But I convinced him, Mr. President, and I'll convince you. Don't worry."

"I promise not to," said Brockridge dryly.

"And remember this," went on the other: "We know what's coming to us if we're caught. So—we won't be caught. And if we're killed, Mr. President, you'll go out before we do. So, if at any time in the next few hours you feel like taking a chance, just remember that it's the last chance you'll ever take. A cry, the wrong move—and the finish!"

He leaned back in the small seat where he was perched and grinned.

"And now that we understand each other—what about prohibition, Mr. President? Do you think it will ever be repealed?"

And more amazing, to Myrna Dale, than the question was Brockridge's booming laugh in reply.

Meridew went to the kitchen, where Durfee and his wife were discussing, in frightened whispers, the recent events.

(Continued on page 44)

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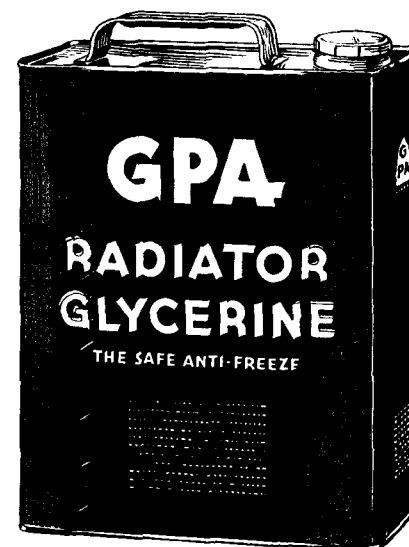
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"The police," he said, "may tell the newspapers that bandits came here. But I don't want you to talk. Refuse to see anyone at all. Refuse to talk over the telephone."

They nodded assent, and with that he left them, and hastened to join the others waiting impatiently in the elevator for him. In the street a car waited for them and Gerryman unceremoniously hustled Meridew and Dabney inside. He followed them, but Samuels, the third of his assistants, took a front seat beside the driver.

INSTANTLY the car started. Gerryman began talking, but he waited for no answers to his questions.

"If this Cattrone man is at his place, we can sweat him, can't we? I mean we can make him cough up the name of the last man he murdered, can't we? Do you think he'll try to be sulky? I think I'll kill him if he doesn't come through with everything. If he knows anything," he added hopelessly.

From nervous garrulity he lapsed into nervous, twitching silence. Meridew found time, in his apprehensions for the President and for Myrna Dale, to be sorry for the secret service man.

Gerryman burst into speech again.

"The Dale girl," he said. "Now why would she figure in a thing like this? She's got money, hasn't she, Dabney?" Again he waited for no reply. "Money, position and looks. Now why would she get mugged up in a thing like this?"

"Perhaps she isn't," said Meridew angrily.

Gerryman threw him an icy glance.

"Oh, you! A pretty face, a nice figure, and they're all angels, eh? Hell, I've been young myself, but never so young that I didn't know that a face means nothing. Not in it? Well, where is she, then?"

And to this Meridew could make no answer. Where was she? Why did she visit Cattrone? Where had she taken the President? For he had accepted Gerryman's reasoning: Brockridge had not taken the girl anywhere; she had taken him.

The car raced down Fifth Avenue and turned west at Twenty-third Street. Here it slowed down, and Gerryman craned his head out of the window. He saw a crowd before a cigar store, and stopped the car. He ordered the others to wait and jumped out. On the curb was Carey.

"Better move on," whispered the latter. "The bulls thought it damn' funny that Wilson and myself were here. If they see you, too, they'll think, and when a cop thinks—you know."

"What happened?" asked Gerryman.

"Don't know. Clerk shot. The police say that people saw six men and a girl scrambled into a closed car. No one knows the number—nothing. There was a killing down the block, too. A racketeer named Cattrone got his. And the cops don't know a thing about that one, either. Except they think that the two shootings were part of the same affair."

"Cattrone rubbed out, eh?" Gerryman swore. "We were on our way to interview that baby. And he's dead! I'll say those babies sweep clean, whatever else they do. I'm going crazy," he suddenly ended.

Carey seized his arm and shook him.

"Stop that," he hoarsely enjoined. "If we go to pieces—"

"But what are we going to do?" demanded Gerryman. "We can't let it get out—and yet we can't keep it quiet long. And maybe, while we're stalling

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around, they're burning down the Chief—"

Wilson shook his head emphatically.

"They wouldn't do that, and you know it. That would be just writing their death warrants. You keep cool. I'll hang around with Carey—I stalled the cops. Told them we thought there was some Red stuff down here—you know, the old line. And because I'm so near, I'll look over this Cattrone thing, too. What did you have on him?"

"Not a damned thing," admitted Gerryman, "except that young Meridew just admitted that he saw the girl in Cattrone's place the other day, and she denied having been there later. And it looks funny."

"I'll say it does—in view of Cattrone being rubbed out."

Wilson stared at the other.

"Well, get out of here before all the dicks start asking questions. Where'll I get in touch with you?"

Gerryman shrugged.

"The hotel, I suppose. Or the morgue. I think I'll book myself a slab there if we don't find the President."

"And that will help find him, won't it?" jeered Wilson. "Come on, lad, get hep to yourself."

Gerryman shrugged, but stepped into the motor. Samuels turned from the front seat and looked at him questioningly.

"The police recognized Wilson and Carey and are trying to figure them now," said Gerryman. "If they see the rest of us, we might as well send out a want ad in the papers. They'll suspect something's wrong with the Chief if all his bodyguard are hanging around here. Go on—anywhere," he said.

The car started. Gerryman lighted a cigarette. He stared coldly at Meridew.

"If you'd talked just a few minutes earlier," he began. Then he shrugged. "But I guess it didn't matter. The President must have been taken right in that cigar store. Or else why was the clerk rubbed out? He must have put up a squawk and they gunned him."

"DID anyone see the President, recognize him?" asked Dabney.

Gerryman shook his head.

"If anyone had, the rumor would have been flying around, and Wilson would have picked it up. No. All we know is that he phoned from this store. We can be pretty certain of that much. But beyond that—nothing. And no way of figuring anything, either."

He slumped back in his seat.

"Hell, there's always a way of figuring a thing if a man puts his mind on it," he said. "Let's begin at the beginning. There's a couple of things I don't understand. Gangsters went to your apartment, Meridew, looking for the President. Why would they figure that one out? If they'd traced him there, it's reasonable to suppose that they'd have watched him leave, isn't it?"

"They could have telephoned Miss Dale's apartment and found she was at my place," suggested Meridew.

"Or she might have told them to come there and pick up the President," said Gerryman grimly. "You don't like that kind of figuring, do you? Only, don't lose your head, Meridew. I swear to heaven I can't see how a girl like that could be really mixed up in this. But—I'm going to figure it every way I can—and out loud, too."

"You went to see Cattrone, you told me, because Captain Blannard figured that would give you an 'in' with the racketeers. That's how you happened

to know that Miss Dale knew Cattrone.

"Cattrone sends you to Carl Bramer, and Bramer knows who you are and gives you the bird. And that ends your trip into the underworld. But Cattrone knows the girl. If she knows him she ought to know other racketeers."

"But I don't figure—unless the girl told them to come there—why they went to your apartment. If she did—then it's clear as ice and we get nowhere. But if she didn't—"

"You've told us everything, haven't you?" he unexpectedly demanded. "You haven't told us part of it, and held back something else because you thought it wasn't important, or because you want to protect Miss Dale?"

"I've told you everything," Meridew hotly replied.

"Everything you *think* important," said Gerryman. "But maybe something that seems pretty trivial to you might seem pretty important to me. You saw Miss Dale with one gangster; are you positively sure that you never saw her with another? Never even saw her *near* one?"

"Certainly not. I've only known Miss Dale three days, as I've told you," replied Meridew. "She didn't spend all her time with racketeers."

"AND you can toss the sarcasm right through the window," said Gerryman. "We're dealing with an attempt against the President of the United States, Mr. Meridew, in case you've forgotten. So you never noticed, in the little time you've known Miss Dale, racketeers hanging around?"

"I tell you—no," thundered Meridew. "That is—" he stopped in confusion.

"Memory getting better, eh? Well, spill it," said Gerryman.

"Oh, it's nothing. But I just remembered—yesterday, on the way to the Ocean Beach Club, where we dined, in a traffic jam I saw right beside me one of the men from Bramer's hotel. The clerk—if he was that—who told me where to find Bramer."

"You mean he had followed you out there?" asked Gerryman quickly.

"I don't know about that," answered Meridew. "But I did notice that he tried to hide his face from me."

"Then he followed you. Or he followed the girl," said Gerryman. "And that was Bramer's man, eh? Now, why would Bramer be interested in the girl—if he was?"

"It was probably me," said Meridew, careless of grammar. "You see, he went to see Mike Blannard about me. And Blannard told him I was a novelist seeking material."

"Scared, eh?" said Gerryman thoughtfully. "Now what was he scared about? He knew you, called your bluff right at the outset, and that was that. And a smart lad—and Bramer is plenty smart; he's one of the top racketeers—doesn't go around asking questions when he knows the answers."

"And Bramer knew the answer. He ought to have known it. Mike Blannard gave him a straight enough reason for you. A novelist that wanted material. But that don't satisfy Bramer. He has a man tail you. And, by God, he sent someone to your apartment tonight to knock you off. Sure; that's what he did. Oh, they wanted Brockridge, but they were going to get you, too. Because Bramer thought you knew something, or suspected something."

"But what could you know that would worry a big shot like Carl Bramer? That he was a racketeer. Hell, the local and state and Federal police have known

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"But you knew Myrna Dale. Now, suppose that she was in the racket. Oh, don't argue with me this time—I'm figuring close—and fast. Bramer's man saw you riding with Miss Dale. Why, if he looked for it, Bramer could see in the papers that you and Miss Dale had tea at the same place.

"Now—just grant the girl isn't innocent. Grant that she put the President on the spot. Grant that she was in with Bramer. Then see what we find. You tried to impose on Bramer. You're acquainted with Miss Dale. Miss Dale is in the racket with Catrone and Bramer. She might have let something slip, Bramer would figure, and you were trying to find out what it all meant. How does it sound?"

"If Miss Dale were the—the incredible person you make her out—your logic would be all right," admitted Meridew.

"FIGURE it out some other way," Gerryman invited him. "I'll listen to you. Unless Bramer had some big scheme on, outside his regular rackets, what would he care that some amateur spy looked in on him? But if he did have some big scheme on, and if Miss Dale was in on it, and if the amateur spy knew her, had been with her recently—well, get it?"

Reluctantly, Meridew nodded. In fact, despite himself, admiration was in his eyes as he stared at Gerryman. It was shrewd reasoning. Like lots of other reasoning, it was fallacious. But—sometimes like other reasoning—it brought its perpetrator closer to the truth than any correct process of deduction could have carried him.

Gerryman called to the driver: "Turn down West Street. Stop a block beyond the Rockwood Hotel."

The driver obeyed. Gerryman's whole attitude had changed now from deep despair to excitement.

"Maybe I'm wrong," he kept muttering, "but we got to try everything."

And his muttering, no less than his tenseness of attitude, contributed to the tension of the others. Along the wide street, practically deserted on this late Sunday night—or Monday morning—the car silently sped. Beyond the dingy four-story building which was Bramer's headquarters the machine stopped.

"We'll crash it," said Gerryman. "Got a gun?"

Meridew nodded.

"I haven't," said Dabney.

"Hell," said Gerryman. He turned to the chauffeur. "Got an extra revolver, Joe? Oke." He handed a weapon to the publisher. "We'll go in; I'll do the talking. And I won't be tactful. The old crash. And if you think you need to, don't hesitate to shoot. They're gangsters, anyway. Ready?"

The others made no reply; they merely fell in beside him and marched grimly down the street.

Before the dim light that burned above the door Gerryman paused. Like a commander looking over his troops he studied his followers. Then he turned the handle of the door.

He went through the opening like a sprinter. Around the table in the room where Meridew had encountered the fat and slovenly clerk three men now lounged. One of them was the clerk, and quick recognition mingled with the anger on his face as he saw Meridew.

"So you are a dick, eh?" he jeered. "Well, pinch the place," he invited.

"Yep, we're all dicks," said Gerryman. "But we didn't come to pinch the place. We came for this."

His right hand crashed into the big man's face. As he staggered the secret

service man raked him across the cheek with the muzzle of his gun, and blood spurted as from a faucet. The other two men half rose from their chairs. Wilson struck one of them across the head, and the other collapsed, in terror, into his seat.

The stricken man gasped, slumped to the ground and lay there, half crouched, staring at his assailant.

"Want some more?" Gerryman asked the stout clerk. "I've got plenty on tap and I'm willing to share it. No? Then you'll talk. And this is no third degree. Get that! This is the twenty-third degree; this is the black-out, the finish. You'll answer, and you'll answer fast, or I'll make you think that the city police are sissies. Where's Bramer?"

"I—I don't know," said the stout man. "Honest to God, I don't," he screamed, as Gerryman raised his gun.

Gerryman turned to Meridew.

"You know where his room is. Go up and search it. Break the door down if you have to." He turned back to the clerk. "Where else would he be, if he isn't here? Now, think before you answer. If you don't know, that will be just too bad, because if you say you don't know I'm going to let you have it. Now answer me."

"He's got plenty hang-outs," said the stout man.

"Name them and name them fast," said Gerryman.

"He's got a flat at the Altoona, on Forty-fifth Street. And he has a place on Central Park South—Number 432. And he's got a hideaway in Brooklyn, and I don't know where that is, and don't hit me," he screamed, as Gerryman's gun menacingly lifted.

Meridew came down the stairs.

"He's not there," he said. "I went through the drawers of his desk. I didn't find a thing—except some pieces of newspaper."

"Did you bring them with you?" snapped Gerryman.

Meridew handed him some scraps of newspaper. The secret service man looked at them. He frowned.

"President of Cuba escapes assassination." He glanced at another. "'Wheat crop will be tremendous.' Hell, there's nothing in them."

He let them flutter to the floor.

"You've told me Bramer's hang-outs," he said to the stout man. "Now—tell me where he is this minute." Once more he lifted the gun.

"I don't know," screamed the man, and his tone was convincing.

GERRYMAN lowered the gun. He spoke to Wilson:

"Get the Federal district attorney—you know, Browton. Tell him to get down here with four men in a hurry. I want these birds thrown in the can and held until I can question them tomorrow. Now—"

He crossed to the desk and asked for a number.

"Apartment 723 A," he said. A moment later: "Gerryman speaking. Any word? What's that? What did you say? That you'd get up there? Hell, you stay where you are, Trowbridge. I'll go up there—in half a minute."

He hung up. He turned to the others.

"Wilson, get Browton, and you and Carey stay here and if these birds make a move, shoot 'em quick. Tell Browton it's for the Chief, and not to fret about warrants." He turned to Dabney and Meridew. "Come along with me," he ordered.

Outside, Meridew spoke.

"Where are we going?"

"To your apartment," said Gerryman.

"My apartment?"

"Sure; to meet Miss Dale. She phoned the Albemarle and got Trowbridge. She's waiting there for us."

(To be continued next week)



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"He's crazy about you."
"Dick will get over that."
"I reckon not. He loves you. Too wonderful to. . . Nugget, don't lie to me. You love this boy?"
"I—I like him terribly," she sobbed. "But I don't want to—to get him into trouble with these men."

"He's ruined now. An' we've got to save him. Put some clothes on. I'm takin' you to meet him."

"Fetch him here—to my room. I'd keel over if—I went with you."
As Kalispel released the girl she sank on the bed, weak and white, with her blue eyes fixed in tragic solemnity.

Kalispel ran out into the alley and had almost reached the street when he remembered that such hasty procedure was perilous for a man with enemies. Resuming his habitual vigilance, he went on across the street and down to the bridge. Dick loomed out of the darkness.

"Pard, I was afraid she wouldn't come," he said dejectedly.

"Come on, idiot. It's all right."

In a very few minutes he and Dick entered Nugget's room and closed the door. She had not moved since Kalispel's departure. But there had come a subtle change in her.

"Nugget," began Sloan, huskily.

"Don't call me that. My name is Ruth," she replied as she slipped off the bed to confront him.

"All right . . . Ruth," said the young man, hopefully.

They forgot Kalispel. They stood with glances locked, tense in that uncertain moment, searching each other's souls. It was the girl who swayed. Sloan caught her to his breast.

"Oh, Dick! I do love—you for wanting to—to marry me," she whispered, brokenly.

"Darlin', there's only one way to save me."

"Don't—don't make me!"

"Kiss me!" he demanded, emboldened by her entreaty.

SHE flung her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his. Kalispel saw the tears streaming from under her closed eyelids. And then she was looking up at Dick, as beautiful as any woman could be, transfigured.

"Mad boy! . . . Oh, why do you love me?" she whispered.

"I just do."

"Can't you get over it?"

"Never."

"Borden will be wild," she whispered, wavering.

"Does he own you?"

"He thinks he does. Kalispel will have to kill him. And that—"

"Enough. Say you will leave—this place."

"Oh, if I only dared!"

"Say you will! Or I'll carry you out of here—this minute."

"Yes. I—I will come."

"Say you will marry me!"

"If—nothing—else will do."

"Nug—Ruth, darlin', you leave here right now. Pack your things. I'll help. You can have my tent. It's quite comfortable—board floor, an' all. You can keep house for me while I dig gold for you. I'll sleep at my neighbor's. An' then, the very first parson who comes will marry us. . . I'll make my fortune here. Then we'll go far away. My parents are dead. I have no one to look out for. . . You'll be my wife!"

Kalispel stepped out and softly closed the door.

"By heaven, there's one good mark for Kalispel!" he whispered.

Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 25

On the street he searched for Blair. Eventually Kalispel located him in the most disreputable gambling hell in the gold camp. He was already under the influence of drink and the elation of winning. Blair was a poor gambler for many reasons, but his chief fault was that he lost his head when fortune smiled.

Kalispel surveyed the room and then approached the table to lean over and whisper in Blair's ear:

"Come home soon as you start losin'. Hell to pay!"

"Huh? . . . Oh, yes—all right—all right," returned Blair, slowly comprehending.

Kalispel went out. "Wouldn't do for me to stay downtown tonight," he soliloquized, as he made his way through the noisy throng. He was like a man that could see in the dark and on all sides at once. The atmosphere of the gold town seemed charged with fatality for him. It was, for all those gold grubbers and parasites. Mirth, song and guitar, the discordant squeak of fiddles, the gay, soft murmuring inside and the coarse roar outside—these belied the truth that only a step away from this life loomed defeat, ruin, death.

Kalispel felt this and, deeply, his relation to it. He had drawn the Blairs into the vortex of this maelstrom, and he doubted that he could avert a tragic end. As for Sydney, he was in a state of desperation. She had seemed at first so self-contained, so strong and fine and

balanced. But who could understand a woman? Sydney might do anything.

As Kalispel left town the moon came out above the bold black dome of Thunder Mountain. Its hue was orange and it had a weird, threatening aspect. The whole dark mass of the slope lay in shadow, looming as always, menacing as always, waiting. And on the moment a low, hollow rumble pealed from subterranean depths.

"Thunder an' grumble, old man," muttered Kalispel grimly. "You're not foolin' me. You'll never bury me an' my gold."

WHEN he ascended the steps of the Blair porch Sydney was not in sight. Lighting a cigarette, he paced to and fro, heavily, so she would hear his footfalls. The door was open, and a faint light shone in the far room. But she did not come out. He was about to call when he heard quick steps on the ground. He turned to see Sydney appear in the moonlight, coming from the trail. His pulse leaped again. Slowly she ascended to the porch, leaned against the post, panting. He approached her.

"Where you been?" he demanded.

"I followed you," she replied, and the low, rich voice shook.

"Where?"

"Downtown. Never lost sight of you for a moment."

"Wal, I'll be dog-goned! . . . Flatterin', Sydney—but I don't savvy."



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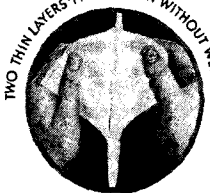
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"You may call it flattering if you like."

"Where'd you follow me?"

"To Borden's dance hall."

"An' then what?"

"I followed you in."

"You did? . . . Sydney, what possessed you?—That joint! To go in it!"

"I was possessed, yes, of several things—the only one of which need concern you is that I had a de—determination to know."

"Ah-huh. I'm some flabbergasted. . . . Wal?"

"I went through to the dining-room," she continued hurriedly. "Those girls!—I asked where Kalispel Emerson had gone. They looked queer. But one of them laughed and said: 'He's gone back to Nugget's room. Down the hall—last on the right!'"

"Then—what?" gasped Kalispel.

"I ran out. On the way up the street I thought I'd make a good job of it. I went into all the—the gambling places and asked for my father. But he had not been seen in any one of them to-night. Oh, I am so—so frightened."

"Wal, you needn't be—about him, anyway. I found him in Flannigan's. He'll be home pronto."

SHE murmured something in relief. Kalispel threw away his cigarette, in a slow, uncertain gesture which betrayed the conflict of his thoughts.

"Miss Blair, your trailin' me 'pears a powerful strange proceedin'," he drawled. "What'd you do it for?"

"I'd never tell you but for the fact that I must clear myself of something brazen. . . . When I met you on the street with that—that—with the girl called Nugget, I was so distressed and shamed that I realized I had not utterly lost faith in you—that in my heart I still cared. . . . Even your prompting her to speak familiarly to Rand Leavitt—even after he said she was your sweetheart—even then I still fought for you. Oh, it was hard to kill. I had to be sure, so tonight I followed you."

Into Kalispel's slow and mounting ecstasy there burst, at the mention of Leavitt, a passion that held all softer emotions in check.

"So Leavitt told you Nugget was my sweetheart?"

"Yes, he did."

"An' that confirmed your suspicions?"

"It told me what a fool I was. Still, I had to find out for myself."

"An' you believed I put Nugget up to speakin' intimate to Leavitt?"

"That was how he explained it—and I believed."

"Wal, for once you were right," replied Kalispel, coldly. "I did put her up to it."

"How contemptible of you!" she exclaimed hotly. "He is a gentleman. He is insulted."

"Ah-huh. An' you are perfectly shore Leavitt is too much a gentleman—too far above us poor miners—to have any interest in a girl like Nugget?"

"Yes, I am. More than that—he is too fine and too clean to come to me, if he had been with her—as you have done."

"An' whatever decent feelin' you ever had for me is dead an' gone?" he queried.

"Yes, thank God. You are a strange mixture of chivalry and baseness. You don't know what honor means. You have no morals. You save me from a ruffian. You make love to me and pull me out of the river when I am drowning. Then you kill an innocent man and become a drunken sot. Lastly you become transformed, apparently. At least your appearance undergoes some great change. No more ragged garb or unkempt locks! You win my father. You win the miners to your side. You take up the hardest job of all, to pack

meat down to these madmen who would starve before they'd give up gold. . . . And then all the time, no doubt, you were going to—to the room of this Nugget. And worst of all you come to me with her kisses on your lips. . . ."

In her denunciation Kalispel grasped the undercurrent—the betrayal of her jealousy.

"Sydney, how do you know that Nugget is not as good as the very gold she's named for?"

Sydney gasped.

"Do you imagine I am mad, too?" she cried, incredulously.

"Couldn't a man—couldn't I go into Nugget's bedroom without having you think something wrong?"

"No!" she replied, violently.

"Suppose I told you she needed a brother, an' I'd tried to be one? That she'd run off from home when only a kid, an' drifted into this dance-hall business to earn a livin'? That someone had to save her from ruin—from dyin' of drink an' violence—from men like these brutal miners—an' Borden—an' Leavitt?"

She laughed in mocking astonishment.

"I'd think you a monumental liar."

"Wal, the funny thing is—I could prove it."

"Kalispel, you lack a great deal, and one thing is brains. Can't you see how—how cheap it is to intimate that Leavitt— Oh, I wouldn't repeat it."

"Shore I can see what I lack," he rejoined, in a storm of gathering wrath. "One thing is common sense. Another was to keep on lovin' a girl who failed in the big things—faith, love. But whatever I had for you, Sydney Blair, is as dead as whatever you had for me. An' cold as ashes!"

Her passion spent, she backed away from him to the porch rail. He loomed over her, peering down into the white face.

"All the same I can prove my innocence," he went on. "I can prove it two ways."

"How can you?" she whispered, as if she could not hold back the words.

"Wal, I reckon this way suits me—best," he replied, hoarsely, and seized her in powerful, relentless arms.

Sydney struggled violently, but in a moment she was in such a vise-like clasp that she was unable to move. He bent to kiss her, but she twisted her face, this way and that, so that his lips swept her cheeks, her closed eyes, her hair.

"How—dare you?" she cried, in fierce anger and dawning fright. "Let me go! . . . You shall suffer—for this. . . ."

Kalispel reached her lips with his, ending her outcries, her struggles. Suddenly she sank limp on his breast. And he kissed her with all the despairing passion of his innocence, with the agony of renunciation, with mad hunger for what he knew was lost to him.

WHEN he released his hold she sank upon the bench, drooping and spent.

"There!" he said, huskily, "I reckon—that's my proof. I couldn't be—villain enough to do that—if I was the—what you called me. . . . An' I'll never forgive you, Sydney Blair."

Kalispel wrestled himself erect, and at that juncture Blair came staggering and panting up the steps.

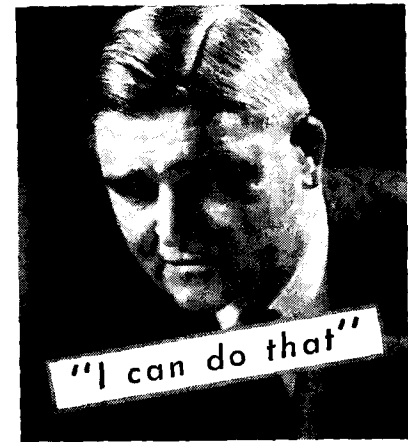
"Wal, old-timer, I see you're drunk again," remarked Kalispel, stepping forward doubtfully.

"That you—Emerson? . . . No, I'm not drunk. . . . Where's Syd—?"

"Here, Dad," cried the girl, rising, with her hands on the rail. "Oh, you look so white!"

"Blair, where'd the blood come from?" queried Kalispel, sharply, as he put his finger on a dark splotch running down Blair's face.

(Continued on page 48)



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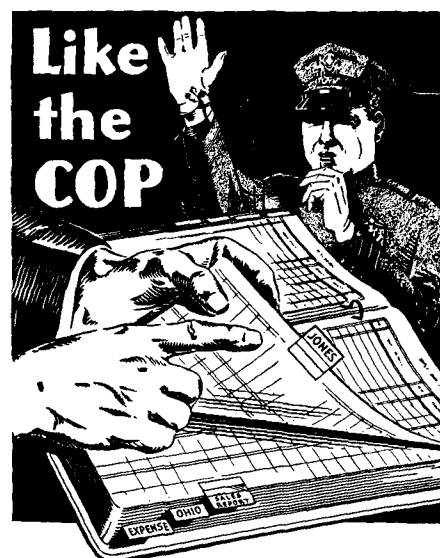
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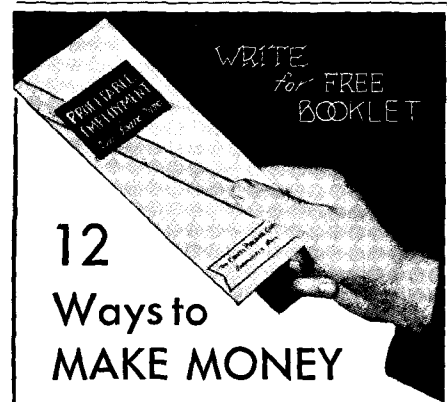
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(Continued from page 47)

"I won all—their gold," panted Blair, heavily. "Stacks of it! . . . And I was hurrying home with it all—got beyond the camp—heard steps behind—men—three men—they hit me—ran off with the gold."

"Ah-huh. Wal, this crack won't kill you, but maybe it'll be a lesson. Sydney, better wash an' tie it up."

"Dad, I knew it would happen," faltered Sydney.

"Wal, I reckon some gunplay is just what I need," said Kalispel, and strode off the porch.

"Come back," called the girl.

Kalispel did not even turn his head, though her voice was like a dragging weight.

"Oh, don't go! . . . Kalispel!"

He walked on, his formidable self again, out into the weird moonlight.

SEPTEMBER came with its frosty mornings and purple-hazed afternoons. Kalispel spent less time hunting game on the heights, though hunting was as profitable as digging gold. It had been inevitable that Jake would retrograde. After he lost hope of finding Sam's body or some clue of his having left the valley, Jake seemed on the verge of ruining all their chances. Kalispel, finally in desperation, confided in him, and that worked a great change in the despondent miner. He became amenable and willingly set his hand to the task of accumulating firewood for the winter, no small need when the snow began to fly.

Events had multiplied. Kalispel did not watch for Sydney on her porch any more, and when by accident he happened to see her he suffered a wrenching pang. Blair had been laid up with his injury, which had induced fever; and Kalispel thought that was a good thing. He sent Jake with meat and firewood to the cabin and also had his brother do what tasks and errands Sydney would permit. Miners with mediocre claims were working like beavers to clean up as much as possible and get out before winter locked the valley.

This had been added incentive to the small clique of bandits who were operating in the diggings. Kalispel had been unable to discover Blair's assailants, and had come to the conclusion that they were under the dominance of a clever and resourceful leader. While Kalispel was not hunting, he haunted the town by day and night, a somber, watchful man who had become marked by the populace.

One morning Kalispel had a call from a miner who brought a request for an interview from Masters, the new sheriff. Kalispel regarded that as something to expect and told the messenger he would see the sheriff.

A little later Masters approached leisurely. Kalispel had never encountered the man at close range. He was tall and lean, in his shirt sleeves, without any star on his vest, and walked with a limp. He wore a huge black sombrero that, at a distance, hid the upper part of his fallow face, and he packed one gun prominently where it ought to be. Kalispel's sharp eyes made sure he had another inside his vest.

"Howdy, youngster," he drawled, with the accent of a Texan. "Shore am obliged to you for seein' me."

"Howdy, yourself," replied Kalispel as he met the other's deep gray eyes. One glance at them and this man's lined, quiet face told Kalispel that he did not have to do with another Lowrie. "You sort of surprised me. A sheriff usually doesn't ask to call."

"Wal, I reckon he ought to, if he happens to want to see a youngster like you."

"Ah-huh. That sounds friendly, Masters."

"I'd like to be friendly with everybody heahaboots. I didn't want the job, Kalispel. But since thet rock busted my laig I can't do hard work. I got a man workin' my claim on shares. An' I let the miners elect me. There was some opposition from the big mugs, but thet didn't keep me from bein' elected."

"Good thing for Thunder City, I'd say," rejoined Kalispel, thoughtfully. He liked the man. "Who were the big mugs?"

"Wal, who'd you say? You've been heah longer than me."

"Masters, I'm a pretty blunt-spoken fellow. Borden an' Leavitt, with their backin', run this camp. An' if they didn't want you elected I don't see how'n hell you ever got in."

"Lowrie was their man, as you know, an' after you drove him out of town they moved to set up Haskell. Do you know him?"

Kalispel grunted an unfavorable affirmative.

"Wal, my friends canvassed the diggin's an' got the jump on the opposition. So I was nominated at the meetin', an' elected, as you must have heahed if you were there."

"No, sorry to say I missed that. I'd have enjoyed it."

"Youngster, why'd you drive Lowrie out of camp?" queried the Texan, deliberately.

"What you want to know for, sheriff?"

"Wal, I don't want thet against you."

Thus importuned, Kalispel told him in full the details of his entire association with Lowrie.

"An' you'd killed him if he'd hung on heah?"

"I shore would. That job of his, tryin' to arrest my friend, Dick Sloan, for no reason on earth except that Sloan dragged the Girl Nugget out of Borden's dive—that soured me for good an' all on Lowrie."

"What'd you have to do with Sloan's takin' up the girl?"

"I had a lot to do with it. They love each other. She's a good kid. An' Sloan means to marry her."

"Wal, thet puts a different light on the matter. I'm glad you told me. . . . Youngster, I don't mind tellin' you I like you. I'm from Texas, an' thet oughta explain. You're in bad heah with most of the miners an' thought wal of by the rest. I'm one of the rest. You an' me ought to pull together."

"By Gawd! Me pullin' with a sheriff. About as funny as death!"

"THERE are sheriffs an' sheriffs. I don't need to tell you thet Lowrie was a four-flush. He couldn't have lasted a day in Texas. Wal, outside of my likin' you, there are some good reasons why I'd hate to clash with you."

"Masters, I can name one myself," replied Kalispel, heartily. "I just don't want to clash with you. . . . Suppose you name some of your reasons."

"Wal, youngster, I'll tell you one, an' if you stand for it we'll shake on it. Then I'll tell you the others."

"Shoot, Texas. Dog-gone it, I kind of like you!" exclaimed Kalispel frankly.

"I've seen twice the frontier life you have, an' most of it spent with a harder shootin' outfit than you ever met up with. When I was yore age I rode for McNelly an' his Texas Rangers. Later I trained with gun-fighters like King Fisher, Wess Hardin, an' others of thet Texas ilk. . . . Wal, the point of all this gabbin' about myself, which I ain't much given to, is thet if you an' me clashed heah, I'd pretty shore beat you to a gun."

"How do you know?" queried Kalispel, voicing the old, dark, insatiable curiosity of his kind.

"Wal, it stands to reason. An' besides I seen you draw on Selby."

"Masters, you can bet I'm not askin' to put it to a test. An' here's my hand on that."

"An' heah's mine, youngster," drawled the Texan with satisfaction.

"All right. I'm lucky for once. Now give me another reason for not wantin' to lay me out cold."

"I don't like Leavitt."

Kalispel made one of his swift, passionate gestures.

"Ha! . . . Go on. You're the most interestin' sheriff I ever met."

"Wal, another is I don't like Borden."

"Ah-huh. I reckon one more will about do me."

"I don't like the rumor thet's spreadin' heah."

"What rumor?" flashed Kalispel.

"Thet you're one of these bandits who are holdin' up the miners."

Kalispel leaped up with a curse. "Masters! This is the last straw. An' what'n hell did you tell me thet for—if you want me to be a law-abidin' citizen?"

"Set down again, youngster. You shore air hot-haided," replied the Texan, in his slow, quiet way. "Listen. I made up my mind since I been heah with you thet you have been lied about. I had a hunch before I came, but wasn't shore. . . . Give me the straight of this camp gossip about the Emerson claim to Leavitt's property. On yore honor, youngster. This is shore a critical time in yore life. You're young. You're no fool. You don't drink an' gamble—which shore surprised me. Now come clean an' straight."

Whereupon Kalispel, stirred to his depths, related in detail, holding to absolute facts, the discovery of the valley, of the placer gold, of the quartz vein, and the events following, up to Jake's return and the trial.

THE Texan nodded ponderingly, pulling at his long, drooping mustache.

"Youngster, I believe you," he returned at length. "Leavitt has jumped yore claim. But it's just as possible thet yore brother Sam was gone as it is thet he was heah. You've got to admit thet. An' like as not you'll never know. But you can never tell."

"That alone has kept me from drawin' on Leavitt."

"Wal, it's about all cleared up in my mind. Thet's the status of one Kalispel Emerson. . . . How'd you come to fetch Blair an' his daughter in heah? I heahed talk about thet too—not to yore credit."

"I happened to meet them in Salmon. Pritchard an' his outfit had got on the scent. An' Borden got after the girl. He busted into her room an' I threw him out. Wal, I got acquainted with the Blairs. They jumped at the idea of goin' with me to my gold prospect. So I fetched them—an' fell good an' deep in love with Sydney—the girl—on the way in. On gettin' here I was so wild to find a stampede on an' Leavitt holdin' our claim that I busted loose. Shot Selback an' got drunk. When I came to, Leavitt had played up to the Blairs an' ruined my chance of winnin' back Sydney's confidence."

"So thet's the story? . . . Did the girl care for you?"

"Yes, she did. I reckon she might have loved me in time," replied Kalispel, sadly. "But things have gone from bad to worse. Leavitt has it all his way now. She might be damn' fool enough to marry him—unless I—"

"You've shore split on Leavitt," interposed Masters. "Stands to yore credit thet you haven't bored him."

"I've shore wanted to."

"Wait, youngster. . . . Heah's an idee: Suppose we work some slick deal on the town. For a spell you an' me will become open enemies, apparently, always lookin' to meet an' shoot it oot. Only

we won't. I'll furnish you some bags of gold dust. An' you start roarin' around camp, pretendin' to be drunk; thet you struck a big claim. Anythin' to show the gold an' brag. Them bandits will trail you up, if they think you're drunk enough. But you hold them up. An' thet way we might round up these robbers."

"Ha! We might round up more'n you gamble on. Masters, I'm your man."

"Good! I'll slip up heah after dark tonight. . . . Suppose you point out the Blair cabin. I'll drop in on them."

Kalispel did so, and experienced again that blade in his heart, for Sydney was on the porch.

"There's Sydney now. She'll see you've been here."

"Wal, I'll tell her I was makin' a missionary call on you, but all in vain. Thet you cussed me oot, swore you'd draw on me at sight, thet you are a discouraged boy goin' to hell."

"Aw!" groaned Kalispel, finching. "Youngster, the way I'll say it ought to wring tears from thet girl."

"All right. If you can wring her heart, I'll die for you. . . . An' say, Masters, while you're callin' on people don't pass up Dick Sloan an' Nugget. You'll love them, by gosh! Inquire down by the bridge, on the other side."

(To be continued next week)



Keep Up with the World By Freling Foster

The Town of Nowhere—built on a giant raft—is so named because it goes nowhere in particular as it is towed in search of logs along the west coast of Canada. The town has a main street, school, church and store, and every child wears a life belt all day long.

Many years ago physicians considered their lives wasted if they did not add several ingredients to the principal prescriptions that were handed down by the preceding generation. Finally many of these mixtures contained more than 100 different drugs.

China's first railroad, built in 1876 from Shanghai to Wu-sung, so aroused age-old superstitions that, after many riots, the government had to tear up the rails and run the engines into the river.—By Elizabeth Sutherland, Cornwall, New York.

Water does not always freeze from the surface downward. Fresh-water streams in very cold countries sometimes freeze from the bottom upward, especially when the current is swift.

A live girl "goddess" is always maintained at public expense in Katmandu, Nepal, to appease a certain evil spirit. She holds the honor between the ages of three and six years and her successor is one who, among many candidates, shows the most courage when made to walk alone through a large room filled with the heads of slaughtered buffaloes.

In the nitrate fields of Chile, the workers play a gambling game in which each man bets that he can hold a stick of dynamite, with lighted fuse, longer than anyone else. Winners collect—or are collected.—By Charles Whitney, Great Neck, New York.

Zeuxis, one of the greatest painters of Ancient Greece, gave his pictures away because he considered their value beyond man's appreciation and wealth.—By Anne Ross, Indianapolis, Indiana.

India has had more severe famines than any other country in the world. The most disastrous one in history, the Skull Famine, which occurred there between 1790 and 1792, killed so many millions that even mass burial or burning was impossible and large areas were strewn with skulls for many years afterward.

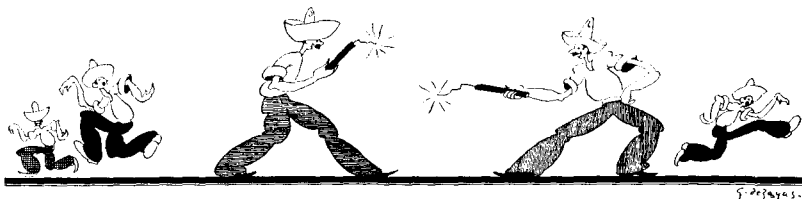
The Yorubas of Nigeria do not permit burials until the debts of the dead have been paid; the Chamococos of Bolivia have one variety of food for the men and an entirely different menu for the women; and the Bat-taks of Sumatra, when very old, beg their own children to kill them.

Less than 20 per cent of the silver produced throughout the world today comes from silver mines. Fully 80 per cent is a by-product of copper, zinc and lead ores.—By Helen Raymond, New York City.

Bibliomancy, the foretelling of public and private events by haphazardly selected Bible verses, was so prevalent in the 4th century that a prohibitory law had to be passed when this absurd practice came to be used by warriors in choosing lands to conquer and by clergymen in making predictions in sermons.

Memories of old scenes and past experiences are recalled more easily and intensely by odors than by the things that affect our other senses.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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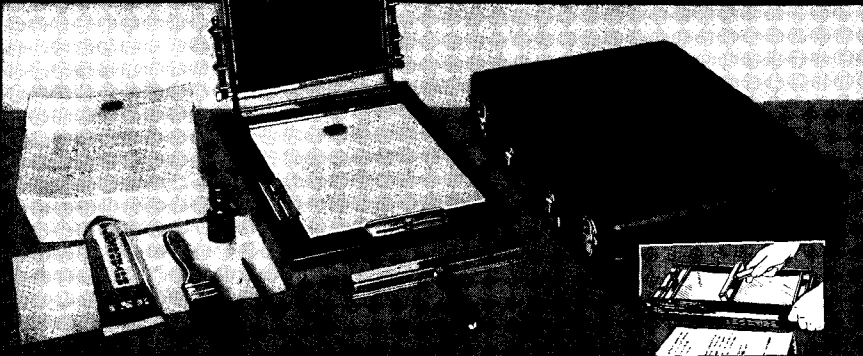
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Disposing of Liquor

AFTER the Eighteenth Amendment has been duly repealed, we shall have to find a better way of managing the traffic in alcohol.

We cannot go back to the saloon. That would be a calamitous retreat. We must go forward to something better than the saloon and better than the bootlegger.

Fortunately, we don't have to wander in a wilderness of doubt and confusion. Other countries have made experiments and blazed trails which we can follow.

Of all the different systems, that developed in Quebec is best adapted to American conditions and American needs.

Quebec used to have saloons. Then prohibition was tried. Now ten years of the commission plan have been satisfactorily completed.

So satisfactorily has the law been administered that the liquor traffic is no longer a pressing problem. It is not a political issue. No important group anywhere in the province wants to change the law. It is not even a topic of conversation.

Yet within the ten years since prohibition was abandoned marked progress has been made in the rational control of the liquor traffic. Temperance has made great gains.

No law solves all problems anywhere and of course the Quebec Liquor Commission has its troubles. Americans account for some of them. Only recently four truckloads of American bootleg liquor were seized on the Montreal road.

The Canadian governments, dominion and provincial, collect a fat revenue from the liquor taxes. Consequently, successful smuggling is highly profitable. Both American and Canadian bootleggers attempt it. But the illicit trade is negligible in comparison with the legal business.

Quebec has so much to teach concerning

the control of the liquor traffic because the Quebec law was wisely written and because it is expertly administered and because it has been kept out of politics.

The resident of Quebec, native or visitor, has four sources of liquor. These are:

1. The Quebec Liquor Commission, which through its stores and the mail-order department sells spirits and wines throughout the province.

2. Licensed hotels and restaurants at which wines and beers but no distilled liquors may be served with meals.

3. Licensed beer taverns at which beer and nothing else may be bought to be consumed on the premises.

4. Licensed grocery stores at which bottled beer may be sold for consumption at home.

The essential policy of the liquor commission has been to make beer and light wines cheap and easily accessible while whiskies and other spirits are expensive and more difficult to obtain. Anybody—except minors and drunkards—can get hard liquor if he has the price. The result is that nobody feels that his liberty is restricted.

The principles underlying the Quebec liquor law reveal a profound understanding of human nature. Four considerations were taken into account in the writing of the law:

First, the liquor control had to be taken out of the control of politicians.

Second, differences of opinion in local communities had to be respected.

Third, private profit had to be eliminated.

Fourth, all profit had to go to the government, since the government always has to pay the costs of the abuse of alcohol.

These principles have been very well worked out in the law.

Most important was the removal of the liquor traffic from the control of politicians.

The Quebec Liquor Commission is an agency of the province. Its members are appointed and may be removed by the lieutenant governor. No local politician has any control over the commission.

Cities and towns and rural regions may be wet or dry as they vote under the local-option law. But their power ends there.

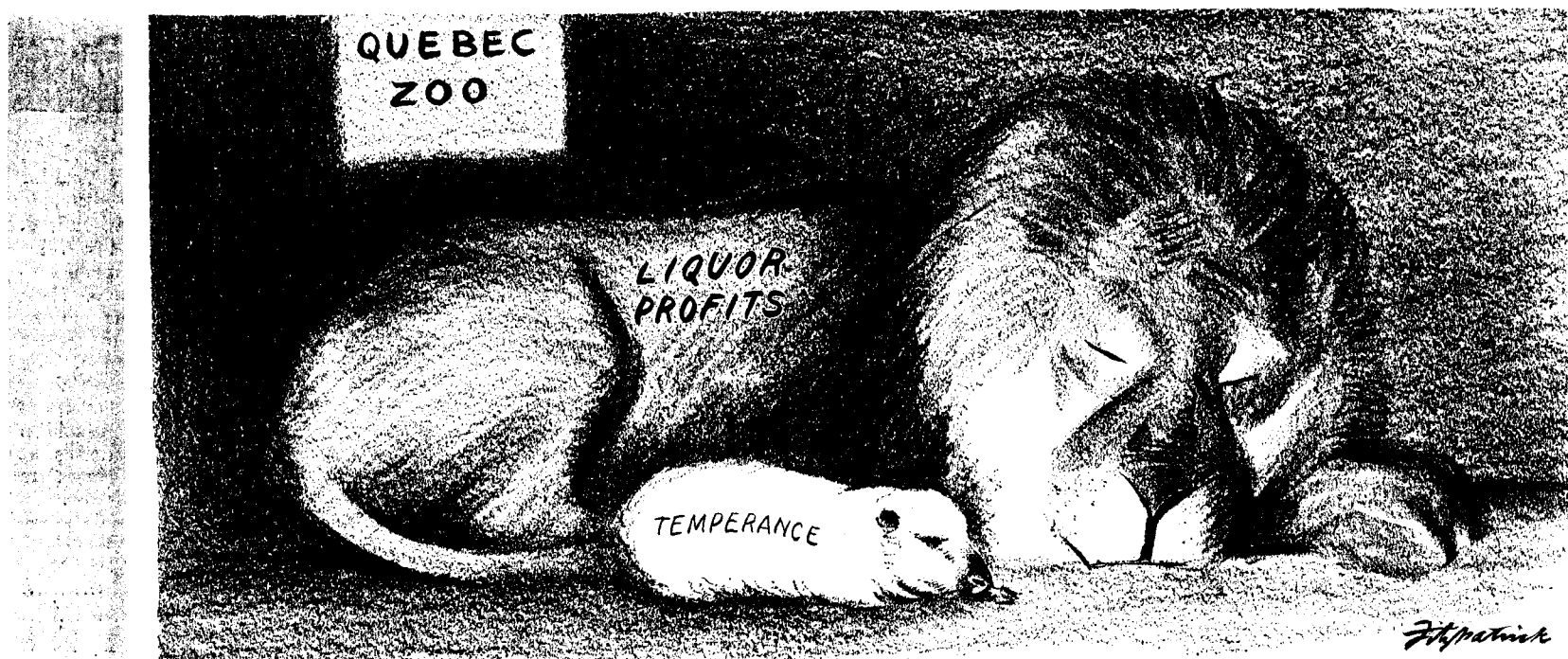
The provincial commission decides who may run a tavern or a grocery or what hotel or restaurant may sell beer or wine with meals. The commission has unlimited authority to grant and to withdraw licenses. It need not explain its reasons for withdrawing a license and no one whose license is withdrawn can undertake any legal action to have it restored.

Quebec is not all wet. Almost half of the inhabitants of the province live in local-option territory.

The significant development is that communities long dry have been gradually requesting the establishment of taverns and stores. The temperance advocates have decided that temperance and sobriety are better served by honest regulation than by attempted prohibition.

The government stores generally sell only one bottle a day to a customer. The commission will, however, mail a bottle of liquor to a resident of a dry area. If a person is reported to be a drunkard, however, a notice goes to all stores instructing them not to fill his orders. It would be difficult to find a system which promises more for the United States once the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed.

The Canadian authorities have learned that the traffic in liquor must be a government business, free from political interference and not stimulated by the desire for private profit. We shall do well, when the time comes, to profit by their experience.



The lion and the lamb lie down together

At the soda fountain



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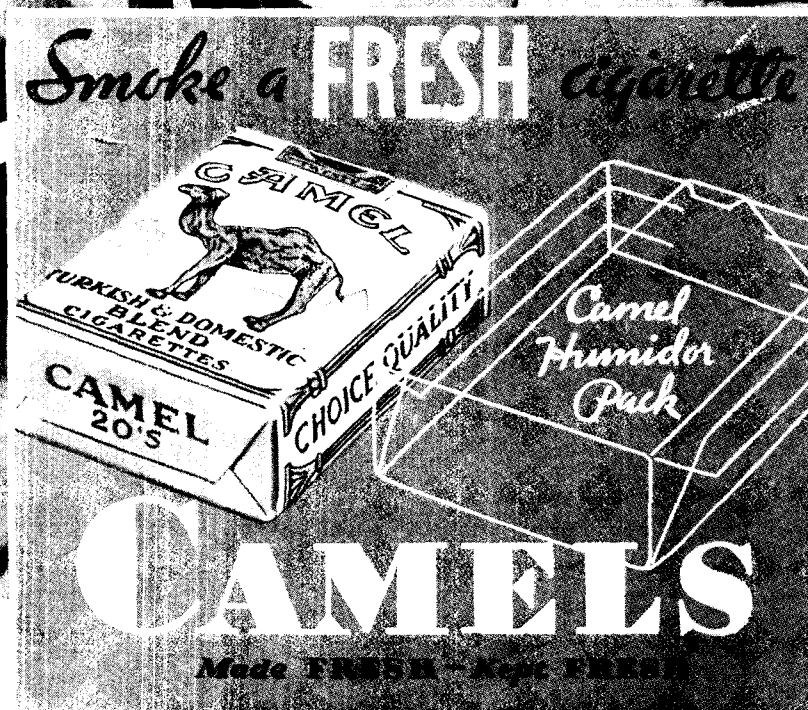
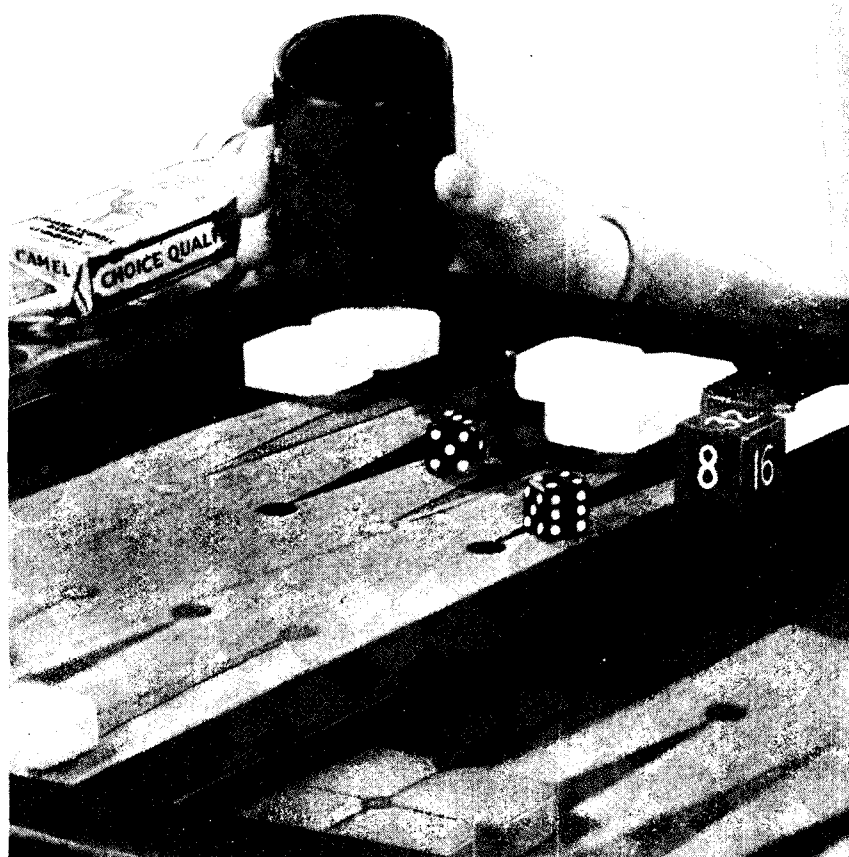
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